

THE  
UNIQUE LEGEND

# 特殊傳說

vol.

1

新版

【不存在的學園！】

護玄  
——著——  
紅麟  
——插畫——



# Unique Legend

## 特殊傳說

Hu Xuan

### Story Description:

Chu Ming Yang is an extremely unfortunate high school student who accidentally enrolls into an academy of a dubious nature, where it is the norm to jump in front of moving trains, get dismembered during orientation, and crushed by vindictive bouncing classrooms. Can he stay alive or will he die from the rigors of school? Why have evil spirits suddenly acquired a taste for his flesh?

# Chapter 1 : The Academy that does not exist?

Location: Taiwan

Time: 2:00PM

I tightened my grip on the Examination Entry Certificate.

I believe, those of you who have attended school can guess it correctly. The current me holding on to the Examination Entry Certificate, plus the title on the top, should give an indication as to what I'm about to do right now.

You are right, the me, who was in the final year of middle school, am going through the period where I'm receiving my Examination Certificate.

On the table, the transcript issued by the school with the neatly printed results on top seemed to have grown a mouth and was currently mocking me.

The student at the front seat turned around, totally ignoring the bright red results on the table, as he asked me, "Ming Yang, which school are you going to choose?"

At that moment, I really wanted to reply, 'Do you think I will be the one to choose the school and not the other way round?'

My name is Chu Ming Yang.

I have no talent, My expertise is nil, but if you really want me to state one, my special quality is probably... I'm very unlucky.

This was no exaggeration. From the second I was born, my bad luck has never cease to happen. Have you ever heard of someone being born with their umbilical cord tightly wrapped around their neck? It was said the doctor and nurses had already given up, and were on the verge of bundling me up to be sent to my family for burial, when a nurse accidentally dropped me, who had already turned into a corpse, onto the floor. However, due to some unknown reason, the drop actually caused me to come back to life.

But after thinking about it, if I had known I would live a life full of such terrible bad luck, I would have asked the nurse to drop me harder. Even if she dropped me till I suffered major injuries, I would not resent her. Not even if my organs lay splattered on the ground.

As I slowly grew up, I obtained minor injuries daily and it has become commonplace, while the more extreme ones are happening one after another.

Who have ever heard of someone dunking the basketball during Physical Education and the whole metal hoop starts toppling towards him? Fortunately I was quick in dodging and only broke a leg, which was then reset later on.

Halfway through classes, the whole ceiling would suddenly fall down. The windows were also broken by the ball which was being used by the

students having Physical Education outdoors (coincidentally, I was sitting right next to the window, the extraordinary part was our classroom was on the fifth floor).

Similar phenomenon, over the past ten years of my life, have become mundane.

From my birth, the title "unlucky guy" was like a chewing gum obstinately stuck to my body and can never be removed. I'm so infamous that the whole school knows about my unluckiness. Even when I was sent to the hospital for emergency treatment, the doctors and nurses would ask "Why is it you again?" type of questions.

"Earth to Ming Yang."

The one sitting in front of me was a lucky guy, who has never known what it means to have bad luck, suddenly took out a roll of paper and used it to knock my head. At one short moment, over ten years of my life seemed to flash in front of my eyes and I turned back into the person who was vexing over "how to fill in the school application form?" due to the bright red colored marks.

And it wasn't because my grades were bad, but because on the day of the examination... I just had to have food poisoning!

Food poisoning!

Wasn't it too melodramatic? The whole classroom ordered and ate all thirty-nine lunch boxes together, and it just had to be mine that wasn't

fresh.

I wholeheartedly believe the fate was deliberately going against me.

Absolutely!

"Haha... of course, as long as I'm able to study, any school will do." I turned over the first page which was filled with the names of famous schools. In fact, my mom had already given up hope of me entering high school. Instead, as long as there was a school who would be willing to accept me, she would be thanking the Gods.

"Oh I see. I've heard there's a pretty good Engineering school somewhere in the middle of the country." The lucky student swiftly turned his chair around, took a pen and started drawing circles on the blank spaces on my form. "If you are able to get into that school, we will be able to become schoolmates for another three years." Nose and eyes appeared inside the circle, and then a drawing of Mickey Mouse emerged.

"Let's discuss this later." I said as a response to the lucky student.

I flipped through the thick book of School Information a few times, at the end of the book, there are small inconspicuous words printed out at the bottom of the last page.

So small that one could have easily missed it.

It's the name of a certain school.

\*

I filled it in.

I wrote the name of the strange school as the first choice amongst the other schools.

On the day the results were released, everyone was glossing through the newspapers and the internet to check their school data, and I was no exception.

Then a strange thing happened. That day, I was certain I checked through the newspapers, internet and even the reviews of all the school information handed out by the school. In the end, the result of the search was told me one thing.

... "Search Not Found."

...

Even if you want to fool someone, please do it in a smarter way!

I filled out the name of a school that doesn't exist, then why on earth was the name of the school written inside the book of School Information?!

I threw the booklet onto the table of the Recruitment Center, uh, let me

rephrase my sentence, I'm not the one who threw it, it was my elder sister.

"What the hell are you guys trying to do? Printing out the name of a school that doesn't exist for the students to fill in, then now it's "Search Not Found"! Are you guys trying to make a fool out of us?"

I have to admit my elder is much bolder than I am. She is older than me by three years, and had applied to enter a famous university. We are obviously born from the same mother, in fact, I had once suspected all my good luck was given to my sister because she was exceptionally lucky. Even when there was a major earthquake a few years ago, she was apparently hit by the signboard but she was not injured at all, just a little frightened.

The main point was, the one who was injured was me, the one who went out with her and was right beside her.

A few of the office staff started passing around the book of School Information, and as soon as they saw the small printed words, every one of them revealed a startled expression, as if they had just seen a ghost.

Chu Ming Yue snatched the problematic book from the staff's hands and heavily threw the book on the table again, "Call the person who makes the decisions to come out right now!"

Honestly, I feel my elder sister grew up to be a real beauty, the cold type of beauty. Even when compared to the artists and singers who appear on television, she would not lose to them. So when she starts losing it, her terrifying expression had double the normal effect.



More specifically, it should be kind of like being killed by a beautiful devil, yeah, just like the kind of movies shown on the television. Those people who are free can consider trying it out on their own.

After a while, the book of information was passed to another person's hands. It was obvious this person had a higher position. He took out his handkerchief and started wiping his cold sweat, while trying to explain to my elder sister.

He said the error might be caused during the printing process due to an accident of printing the data of another booklet.

The higher positioned staff took out another similar booklet, flipped it open and of course the name of the school was really not there.

My elder sister was on fire again.

An accident during printing was still acceptable, but the school's name and even the number was perfectly printed within the spaces along with the names of other schools. Even the borders were printed nicely.

This kind of coincidence was definitely more difficult to encounter compared to winning a lottery, I think.

It had already been more than three hours since we entered this building, and my elder sister yelled at every person she saw until they were so scared to even fart. The me who seems more like a passer-by did not even utter a single word. Time slowly trickled by while my elder sister

continued cursing the staff.

This was so boring.

I yawned, lifted my head, and just so happen to see a silhouette passing by outside.

In fact, outside the building was a side walk. Even if there were hundreds of people walking by, I wouldn't be surprised, let alone one person, since this building was fairly close to downtown.

The strange thing was, the person brazenly walked past the front of the automatic door.

The automatic door did not open.

Based on my three hour observation of the automatic door, even when a dog passed by the door, it would also open for a while and some newspapers or some other rubbish would be blown in. So why didn't it open when this person walked by it?

As if it was trying to further confirm my doubts, the person appeared at the doorway again.

This time I'm very certain, the door really did not open.

...

This can't be, right?

Was seeing a ghost in broad daylight also considered as one of the effects of my bad luck?

A loud "POP" resounded.

My elder sister, who was definitely bold but totally had no moral conscience, took a booklet, which was many times thicker, and slammed it down on my head. The force was so great that my brains almost flew out of my head through my eyes, nose and mouth.

"Are you deaf? I've been telling you to go and fill in the form several times!" A devilish looking face immediately enlarged in front of my eyes, the horrifying effect was doubled.

"Ah?" I opened my mouth, with a look of surprise.

At the end of the day, the final outcome was, since the organizers were negligent, my name was again entered and redelivered, hopefully there will be a school who will accept me.

Well, to put it bluntly, let's see if there are any schools willing to accept the leftovers.

After all, my grades were very low, so low that my family was already prepared to have me enroll into a school that allowed students to study there as long as a large sum of money was paid.

In the end, when we left, I no longer saw the ghost outside the automatic door.

Later on, after listening to my story, one of my classmates told me my bad luck might be slowly corroding into my body, directly eroding my BaZi.

<div style="padding-left: 30px;">[T/N: Something to do with Chinese Feng Shui, which includes our birth date, day, time, place, etc. Normally fortune tellers will ask for our BaZi before he starts counting and sprouting nonsense about our troubles and our future.]</div>

I've never heard BaZi would become light due to bad luck before.

But then, I later found out the student's dad's profession was actually a Shaman.

On the day everyone received their enrolment data, I also got mine. It's from a very famous school. The school was famous because it allowed anyone to study there as long as they paid money, which was along the lines of what my family had expected.

From then onwards, I was doomed to be separated from the lucky student.

Of course, this matter and this part of the story had nothing to do with my future; I just mentioned this in passing. The lucky student got what he wished for, which was entering the engineering school, congratulations.

However, my bad luck would not just end there.

"Yang Yang, a letter for you just arrived."

As soon as I reached home, my bold sister was watching her TV show, while passing a brown paper envelope to me.

Ah?

But I just got my acceptance letter in school just a moment ago?

I grabbed the brown paper envelope and saw the name printed on top of it. My first reaction was supposed to be throwing the envelope onto the floor, but then I decided otherwise.

Because the envelope had big red words written on its seal.

Honestly, I've never heard of any school writing this kind of message.

"Throw it and you'll die!"

So simple and neat. It was so simple that it made me think it was not an offer letter, but a threatening letter sent to the wrong house.

The school's name was the same school name where my search result

was "Search Not Found".

Carefully avoiding the unexpected big red words, I slowly removed the seal. Sure enough, inside was stuffed with admission information to the school, which was rather thick and different compared to the one I received today.

The thickest stack of papers, which was neatly fastened together with a blinder clip, was titled "Introduction and safety guide for new students ".

Most probably it would be regarding "traffic safety" or "beware of bad people" type of precautions. Gosh, how old do you think we are? Do you really have to repeat this every time we enroll into a new school? This school was even more exaggerated, such a horribly thick stack of papers!

What the hell.

I stuffed the stack of papers back in and took out the few pieces of paper, which contained the details of the tuition fees.

No matter how I see it, it was actually much cheaper compared to the "expensive" school, at least by half (Elite schools are more likely to eat up more money.)

There still seems to be something with some weight inside the envelope, as if there was something else inside. I avoided the safety guide and started rummaging inside. I discovered an incredible item inside the envelope and took it out.

A cell phone.

I rubbed my eyes for over ten times, but the cell phone was indeed still lying on my hand. It didn't turn into a stone, leaf or what not, it was even less likely to for it will turn into a snake and bite me.

It's a cell phone, a real life cell phone.

It couldn't be the person who packaged this paper bag was stupid enough to have misplaced his phone inside?

It's not that I wanted to think this was what happened because the very same thing happened to me before. I accidentally mailed a piece of rag together with a birthday present to a schoolmate, who after a few days, mailed the piece of rag back to my house.

"What on earth are you day dreaming about?" While the TV show was on a short advertisement break, my elder sister turned her head and asked, causing me to stuff the cell phone into the envelope hastily.

"Nothing, I was just wondering why this package was so large." Almost as if it was a big parcel.

"Mhmm. Ah, it was even sent as a home delivery." Seeing there wasn't any problem, my sister turned her head back to focus on her TV show. Then she picked up the dessert and ate till nothing was left.

Home delivery?

I was even more curious. What kind of school could be so generous? And how come this school did not yield any search results?

That night, my mom specially went to famous restaurant in Taichung. She bought a rather large roast duck and several exquisite dishes to celebrate my 'finally being accepted to study in a high school' (what kind of nonsense is this?). The food was exceptionally extravagant.

I told them about the important details of the admission form of the two schools. One of them was an expensive elite school. Another one was a school they did not know of and was not in the school distribution list. The most important point was, the school's tuition fees was half the price of the elite school.

That night, my mom determined my sorrowful future based on monetary value. The elite school's acceptance letter was thrown into the recycle bin. The unknown school had an overwhelming victory within whole family. I couldn't utter even one meager protest.

Only God knows whether that damn unknown school was actually a school in the country. In the acceptance letter, it was stated that students were recommended to stay in the hostels provided by the school.

If it's like this, I would rather attend the elite school. I heard one can get a better qualification for their resume.

The cell phone did not ring at all.

I originally wanted to wait for the owner to get it back, but it was



unusually silent, no strange sounds came from it. Even when I tried to search the friend list, it was empty.

This person certainly has no friends.

"Yang Yang, do you want to stay at the hostel?" My older sister was biting onto the roasted duck roll while asking me, "Didn't the offer letter recommend students to stay in the hostel?"

You're a monster! Definitely!

My sister is such horrifying person, she definitely did not read the offer letter at all, but she could naturally just ask me about it, just as if she knew what was written on the letter.

"I would like to attend the orientation and take a look first. If it's not too far away, then I won't be applying for the hostel." You must be kidding me! Applying to stay in the hostel even before checking out the unknown school first. If I die, I won't even know how it happened.

My sister nodded and stopped asking any more questions.

Sometimes, her expression while deep in thought was even more horrifying compared to the times when she was quiet.

For example, have you seen a witch before? I'm sure you have at least seen one in the movies or pictures. The type of expression the witch makes just before she was about to launch her black magic to kill (Attention! Not to harm but to kill!), her ghastly expression while

thinking of how to cook up a pot of poison, was most appropriate to describe my sister.

"Yang Yang, when is the orientation for the school?" She lifted her head, using her pair of beautiful eyes, which were said to be able to capture the hearts of people but was usually used to murder me, to stare straight at me.

To be honest, it feels like I'm being stared at by a snake.

The last time I saw her with this expression was probably a few days ago when she was thinking of how to deal with the people in the recruitment center.

Don't do this to me, Sis. I'm your younger brother...

"Next, next, Monday." To avoid my heart from being stared till it weakened and self destructed, I immediately confessed.

It's not I'm spineless, believe me, if you have this type of older sister, you will understand my current inner feelings.

Sometimes, mental torture can be more brutal compared to physical murder. And my sister is someone who is very good at practicing the former.

Then I saw that woman suddenly putting down her bowl with her left hand, and with her right hand, she reached into her pocket and took out several pieces of something with XX printed on it, it looked like safety

charms from some famous temples, "To prevent you from being crushed by the big tower clock on your first day of school." She revealed a strange smile, I swear I saw it.

This damn woman!

\*

After pasting the last photo onto the registration form, I instantly collapsed backwards onto my bed.

In a few days, I'll be attending an unknown school.

I rolled over and looked at the cell phone which was on top of my bookcase. It's strange to say since, if a normal cell phone was not recharged, it will only last a few days before it perishes. Never thought this extremely strange phone was still alive after a week has passed. This was so unbelievable.

I narrowed my eyes and stared at the screen, the battery was actually down by only one bar.

When did the technology improve so suddenly?

This new type of phone can actually be so power-saving. When I start schooling I will persuade my mom to get one of the exact same model to use.

I rolled over and stared at the white ceiling.

Ah, graduated. To think I really graduated. I thought with my bad luck, I'll still had to study for a few more years...

While my mind was in a mess, a knocking sound came from outside my door. I immediately jumped out of bed and opened the door. I was not surprised to see my sister standing outside in a sloppy manner.

My mom always said we were both born with the wrong gender, and I think so too.

The woman's beautiful (as per what others say) mouth had a grape flavoured bubblegum bubble on it. With a pair of eyes, she stared at me for a moment, and then she slowly raised her right hand, "Cake." She said, and on her hand was a small box from a famous dessert house.

This was a very common situation in my family since long ago. Since primary school, my sister never had any shortage of suitors. With the existence of suitors, there will be gifts. So this situation had been on-going for many years. From young, it was handkerchief and paper dolls. Even until now, while walking in the streets, passer-by A, B and C would even take out their wallets to buy stuff for her.

Oh right, I forgot to mention this earlier, my sister is a black belt in karate and she was the champion in the women's karate in her university this year.

My mom always said she has no idea what my sister was thinking

about, and I think so too.

"Do you want to eat it or not?"

The bubble burst, and the black belt devil issued her question impatiently. This time I'd better answer or the next thing that is going to burst will not be the bubble but probably me.

"Oh sure, thanks Sis." Holding onto the little box, which was not too heavy, I estimated the cake inside to be about six inches. I wonder which idiot sent this tribute.

She snorted and then similar as to how she came upstairs, she went down without emitting a single sound.

I turned around and kicked the door shut, both hands were busy with opening the small box of cake. As expected, inside was a very delicately made vanilla cake. There was even a famous signature of the dessert house on top of the cake, written with dark chocolate. Looks awfully neat.

Back on topic, my sister actually hates cakes the most, which was the total opposite of me.

However, even though she hated it, every time someone sent her cakes, she would still accept it. Even when my mom nagged her about it, she just turned a deaf ear. So my family was currently living in a situation where there are cakes and biscuits as desserts daily.

In fact, I really do not understand my older sister.

# Chapter 2 : Ran Over By A Train

Location: Taiwan – Some train station in Central Taiwan

Time: 6:20AM

I think the term "at a loss" can be used to describe my current situation.

I got up early in the morning, followed the directions on the map, and arrived at a train station. It wasn't until now that I realized something was amiss.

On the instruction paper, only the schedule and the name of the train was written, the address of the school was nowhere to be found.

After being fooled by this school in various ways, maybe they really had forgotten to print the address. My reaction was a lot calmer than I would have imagined.

At this time in the morning, the number of people at the train station was actually very few. Moreover, this station was in a relatively remote area, unlike the town center where many people passed by regardless of the time. There were only three people including me.

One of them was a granny who wakes up early every day and takes the train to the market. Please do not ask me why I knew where she was headed to. The answer is definitely not because I have a crush on her; the granny was living right next to my house and every morning, my mom would share a few pleasantries with her.

Five minutes later, the granny took one of the trains and left.

The other person, who was left behind, was someone I've never seen before. She was tall and thin, wearing a traditional dress, which was very popular nowadays. She looks like she was about the same age as my sis, so she should be a student in some college?

The person turned around and suddenly smiled at me.

I immediately lowered my head. This was definitely not because I'm shy. I will never admit it even if I'm beaten to death.

"Fellow student, are you going for the orientation?" The beautiful girl leaned over and I realized she spoke with a certain accent. Was she a student who had just returned from studying abroad?

"How did you know?!" This was my first reaction.

The girl pointed at the brown paper bag I was holding, "I'm actually studying there." She smiled again; her captivating eyes looked like deep pools of water. If one were to stare at it for a long time, it's as if they would feel like they would drown unknowingly...

As if she had noticed I was in a daze, the girl turned her gaze away, "In our school, we can actually opt to continue studying in their College division after graduating from the High School division. So please take care of me, junior\*."

[T/N: Kouhai would be the Japanese counterpart of this word.]

For a moment, I thought I saw girl's eyes turned green. But when she turned back and smiled, her eyes were definitely black; the same color as mine.

"Hello, senior\*." Not really sure if it was due to quick response, but I immediately blurted this out.

[T/N: Senpai would be the Japanese counterpart of this word.]

Senior was still smiling gently and then she pointed at the paper bag in my hand, "Did you finish reading the Safety Manual already?"

Feeling uncertain as if it was an illusion, but her voice was getting more and more gentle, as if it was a pillow stuffed with feathers, giving off a fluffy feeling.

"I've already read it." In fact, I've not read even a single word, but for some unknown reason, I didn't dare to tell the truth under this senior's gaze.

Senior nodded and then she smiled without saying anything. The more I look at her smile, the weirder it felt.

At this time, a train let out a loud whistle, however, it was not planning to stop. It was just passing by.

Senior suddenly stood up, "The train's here. Hurry up and follow me. Don't get lost." She said while she hurriedly picked up her bag and rushed forward.



‘Follow?’ I followed her in a daze.

The train’s cowcatcher started out as a small dot, and was gradually heading towards us, while letting out its deafening whistle. The train was not planning to stop in this station.

Staring with wide eyes, I witnessed this happening right in front of my eyes.

Senior held onto her bag tightly and jumped down from the platform onto the railway tracks. Her pair of beautiful eyes was filled with questions, as if she was trying to ask why I didn't jump with her.

Then the train rushed by.

\*

The enormous air pressure caused my ears some pain.

My legs were trembling non-stop, just short of wetting my pants. This shows how shaken I actually was. Just a few seconds ago, the girl who was talking to me, jumped down from the platform and was ran over by a train.

However, I did not see any splattering of blood or pieces of flesh that were usually depicted in manhuas. I felt my mind becoming blank.

In just a short moment, the train roared past, as if it was unaware it had

just ran over someone.

I was left all alone on the platform. I couldn't gather up my courage to walk up and take a look at the tragedy below the platform. I was also afraid that as soon as I take a look, my breakfast would immediately be ejected from my stomach.

Someone died right in front of my eyes. Normally, I would maintain a spectator's demeanor while watching the news on television or reading the newspaper about someone committing suicide by being run over by the train, and would occasionally say something about the person being stupid. There were even times when our whole family would be eating our dinner while treating the news as a mental side dish.

But this time, it really happened right in front of my eyes. The kind of faintness and dizziness I felt was something a normal person would not be able to understand. My entire head was filled with black and white images all muddled up together.

The thing which made me snap out of my trance was a sudden and loud ringtone coming from the cell phone, the same phone I found in the package and had only used up two bars of battery up until now.

"Hel-hello?" I subconsciously picked up the phone. While my mind was still blank, I placed the phone next to my ears but my eyes were still staring at the direction the girl had jumped off.

"Why did you not follow and get hit by the train!?"

On the other end of the line, was an extremely impatient voice. He sounded pretty young, and judging from the boy's voice, he sounded not much older than me. However his age was not the main point, but rather, the contents of what he spoke of.

‘Follow and be hit by the train?’

My mouth widened and I was stunned for three seconds, "What... follow and be hit by the train?" At that moment, I suddenly thought the owner of this phone was some crazed maniac who lures others into suicide?

Once I thought of it, I felt goose bumps all over my body and started to look around in a panic, fearing a hand would suddenly appear out of thin air and push me down from the platform.

I'm still young; I don't want my life to end just yet!

"I overslept, so I asked a friend of mine to guide you over, but you actually did not follow suit and jump!" At the other end of the line came a sound of someone clicking his tongue.

‘Follow suit and jump?’

The second thought that crossed my mind was, could this phone be connected to hell?! The owner of the phone was a Death God, and I'm currently talking to a Death God who wants me dead. He even called another girl to die together with me, and guide me to the underworld.

Don't say I'm thinking nonsense. Even Japanese mangas had a Death

God who dropped his notebook. What's so surprising about another one dropping his cell phone?

The person at the end of the line seems to be very impatient, as he did not even wait for my reply before he continued talking, "Fine, I'll come and pick you up. You'd better stay put and don't run around!" He said in a very commanding tone.

With a "ka-chak" sound, the phone was disconnected, followed by beeping sound.

I felt my body hair standing on its end. The cold coming from the bottom of my feet spread all the way to my forehead.

He said he is coming to pick me up... Is he implying I will only live my life up to this day?

Although I'm always complaining that if I'll be so unlucky for the rest of my life, I might as well die earlier and get reborn sooner. But God, it was nothing but complaints! It doesn't really mean I want to die earlier. Can't you differentiate between complaints and honest wishes?

The platform was totally empty; I was the only one there. The wind blew past and a few pieces of garbage rolled past my feet.

I'm going to die soon, but I still don't know what to write in my will.

I wasn't really sure how long I stood there doing nothing but holding onto the phone, until I heard a very soft sound coming from behind.

So the saying "when one's spirit is in extreme tension, one will be able to unleash their greatest potential" was true. It only took me a few tenths of a second to turn around. I turned so quickly that even the other person was stunned for a moment. As soon as the other person snapped out of his trance, it was my turn to be stunned.

In fact, in Taiwan, it was not strange to see foreigners. Normally on the streets, there will be several groups of them walking past. I've seen so many that I'm a little unfazed of them. However, I've never seen such a good looking foreigner before.

Although I said he is a foreigner, his facial features were that of an Asian.

Long silver hair reaching down to his waist, and just beside his forehead was a lock of hair that seemed to have been dyed in blood-red. It was obvious this person came here in a rush. His silky soft hair was casually tied up at the back of his head with a rubber band usually used to tie up lunch boxes.

Red eyes, similar to the gems displayed in jewelry stores, made one long to touch it to see if they're real.

His oriental features were much more beautiful compared to the senior I met earlier, but it gave off a very cold feeling, especially when he was glaring at me. This feeling was similar to the one my sis gives off, "if

looks could kill" type of person.

His skin was very pale, so pale that it was similar to a corpse's. Especially if it's compared to his black clothing which covered his whole body, making him look extremely strange.

It's a little frightening.

This person does not look human; he looks more like a beautiful monster or ghosts commonly seen in manhuas.

"You retard!"

He spoke such fluent Chinese, similar to the voice I was talking to on the other end of the phone just now. So I immediately discovered his identity. He was the Death God who wanted me dead.

"Sir Death God!" I quickly interrupted him. Only God knew if his next action was to immediately kill me and then drag my soul away, "I still haven't finish thinking of what to write in my will. Please give me a little more time. I won't delay your work. It'll be done with it immediately." I was just short of kneeling down to beg him.

In my will I must state that the Gods want me dead so my family will know my death was not an accident—!

The "Death God" looked at me as if I was someone who had a few loose screws in their brain; he then took out a cell phone from the pocket of his black pants. The phone was almost identical to the phone in my

possession.

I guess I was too freaked out at that time so I did not remember clearly what the "Death God" said to the other end of the line. I vaguely heard a few comments, something about receiving some crazy student this year.

His tone seemed to be rather rough, and so I finally realized the "Death God" also suffered from bad mood due to lack of sleep and low blood pressure.

After a while, as if he had gotten his answers, the "Death God" shut his phone and turned to look at me. His weird red eyes did not look like gems anymore, instead it looked more like the blood red eyes of a beast, "They will be opening the gate once again. If you still don't want to enter, you won't need to register anymore." His tone was rude, extremely rude.

‘Register?’ I finally realized the importance of the word.

It was only now that I realized the "Death God" was wearing a uniform, and on his sleeve was something similar to a badge, on top was a few characters sewn on with golden threads.

Wasn't it the name of the school I was going to enter?

"There are still 10 more minutes before the next train arrives." Glancing at his watch, "Death God" said with a rather dissatisfied voice. Then the red eyes glared at me before he sat down on a public chair in the platform.

‘There was still 10 minutes left? So it means I only have 10 minutes to write my will?’

At this moment, regardless of the School Name on his clothes, I quickly took out a pen from my backpack. "Oh right, it was said first have to settle my assets, and then tell my family not to be too depressed over my death..."

The "Death God", who was originally sitting on a chair with his eyes closed (I guess he wanted to catch up on some sleep), opened his eyes partially and looked at my act of writing my will. The good-looking face revealed some puzzlement. He then gave up on his sleep (it's just my assumption), and came over to look at me sighing while trying to figure out what I was writing on a white piece of paper.

When he saw the big word "Will" at the top of the paper, I had written up till "If my corpse is in a too bad of a condition, just help me collect it and do not fight over it. Directly cremating it will save some trouble."

"So you already have the awareness to write a will?" The "Death God" sneered and effortlessly reached out for the eloquently written piece of white paper with such dexterity that I didn't even notice him taking it.

In just a blink of an eye, the paper had already been taken away, "But rest assured. If you don't die in such an extreme way, there's still a hope for you to be revived." He turned around, smiling with his red eyes. He was creeping me out.

Did he mean to say he wants me to get hit by the train, revive me for indefinite number of times, and only then will he be satisfied?



I actually met a perverted Death God!

The Gods are blind!

After three seconds, I decided, since I'm going to die anyway, it would be better to commit suicide by myself. I would rather have a clean death and not have my death played with by a perverted Death God.

The railway track was starting to vibrate; the next train was on its way here.

Holding on to the determination of being crushed to death, I shut my eyes tightly and displaying the same speed I used when rushing to buy food during lunch time, I hurried towards the railway track, the same place where senior tragically died.

Thunderous sound was approaching right in front of my eyes. This was probably the most courageous thing I've ever done.

\*

A second later, it vanished. The chugging sound of the train passed directly over my head.

I covertly opened my eyes, and at the same time I noticed someone was grabbing onto my collar. I looked up and saw the "Death God" easily carrying me with my collar. Just one more step and I would have fulfilled

my wishes... Damn it!

The "Death God" took a look at me, but he didn't show any expression. He finally let go of my collar after the train had passed by and said, "You rushed at the wrong train. The train you need to get hit by wasn't that one. If you got hit by that train, there wouldn't be any medicine on this earth that could save you."

‘What!? Even when I die I still need to book a specific train?’

I knelt down at the platform allowing black lines to cover my whole body. If this was a manhua, there should also be some will-o'-the-wisp floating around me.

Speaking of will-o'-the-wisp, wait a moment...

I wasn't thinking much when I was dashed towards the train earlier. It was only now that I noticed. If someone was ran over by a train, the platform should at least have some blood splatters, right?

I started looking around, but everywhere was spotlessly clean. A huge query, similar to a black swirl, kept on chewing on my conscience, and created even more curiosity in my mind.

With quivering hands, I crawled to the side of the platform, and prepared myself for the utmost. In a split of second, I immediately looked towards that direction.

Logically speaking, the scene reflected in my eyes should have been a

mutilated body or shreds of different body parts. It could also have been half a head, crushed, with scary and vengeful eyes staring straight at me, or with her brain and intestines splattered at one side. After which, I would start screaming, and due to the unbearable shock, I would roll my eyes all the way to the back of my head and finally collapsing.

I really did scream. However, it was all for a different reason. On the railway track, there was not a trace of anything. So I screamed.

I obviously saw a real life person jumping down. So how was it possible for there to be no trace of anything?

"What the hell are you screaming for!?" The "Death God", who was suddenly standing behind me, used my will, rolled it up, and smashed it down onto my head. The force, the angle and also the accuracy was not inferior to my elder sister's. The terrible force almost caused my head to be planted onto the railway track.

"There's nothing there..."

For a moment, I forgot the good-looking person in front of me was the "Death God". Thus I pointed at the bottom of the platform with a trembling finger and answered using a voice of someone who was being electrocuted.

And so, veins started popping out from the Death God's face and forehead. I thought he must really be thinking I was trying to make a fool out of him.

Sure enough, a shoe's sole suddenly appeared in front of my eyes and started stamping my face.

"F\*\*\*!" The "Death God" only said one word.

I didn't clearly hear what was said afterwards because I was so dizzy after being kicked. I didn't have the time to listen to him properly, but I think he didn't continue to curse or swear because by the time I recovered, he was already a distance away, beside a vending machine, buying some beverages.

I've never seen a "Death God" drink beverages before. And he's actually drinking honey soymilk!

"Take it." He bent down, took out two cans of honey soymilk and threw one can over to me, "Drink a little and see if your brain will sober up." Emphasizing on sobering up.

I'm probably the first person in this world to be treated to a drink by a "Death God".

The "Death God" sat down while leaning onto the vending machine. Probably because his clothes were all black, he was not afraid of getting it dirty. His long silver hair was plastered onto the glass display of the vending machine. The small lights inside flashed with somewhat transparent and silver-ish colour.

If he was not a Death God, now that he was quietly drinking his beverage, he gave off a feeling of an angel from a picture album.

Those ten minutes was probably one of the most memorable ten minutes of my life. I'm drinking the same type of beverage with a beautiful Death God, on the same platform... Uh, waiting for my death. The reason was still rather strange.

I wonder, after my death, will he directly drag my soul to hell? I worriedly took a peek and was once again stunned.

The "Death God" actually fell asleep while he was drinking his honey soymilk halfway, and was even leaning on the vending machine. The folded straw was partly in his mouth and the other end was inside the can.

Was being a Death God really tiring? Even while he was out to retrieve a soul, he took the opportunity to take a nap.

I looked at the time and the train should be arriving in about a minute. I stealthily moved closer towards the "Death God". I've never come so close to inspect such a being... Uh, the sole of his shoes not included.

The "Death God" had very long eyelashes, just like a doll's. Shrouding his face, a lock of red hair hanging on the side of his face was gently fluttering in time with his breathing.

That's strange; "Death God" can breathe? This was a major discovery.

I began to consider if I should take a pen and write this on the platform. Even after I died, this major discovery can definitely be used as a

reference by the future generation.

If I knew how to sketch, the first thing I would have done was to hurriedly draw a portrait of the "Death God". If every "Death God" was good-looking, even if he drags me to hell, it was not such a horrible thing. But it would be even better if he guides me to heaven.

The railway track once again started vibrating. The train was here.

At that exact moment, I saw the red eyes flew swiftly open and the "Death God" neatly jumped up from the floor while throwing the straw into the trash and can into the recycling bin.

Should I praise him for understanding the rules of the human world? He even knew how to classify the rubbish.

"Run quickly!" he cried out. When he saw my slow movements, he immediately ran over and pulled me up from the ground.

The arriving train was a strong a good one and it seemed like it was not planning to stop at this station either.

I knew this was the train that was going to run me over. Even though I've done innumerable mental preparation, the moment the "Death God" dragged me and jumped off the platform, I still screamed. Even I, myself, felt like I screamed like a pig that was about to be slaughtered.

The only difference was the pig was slaughtered by a knife while I was about to be run over by a train.

I was still very scared of dying. I was scared of death. When I saw the train approaching, I lost consciousness in an instant.

# Chapter 3 : Senior and the Aborigine

Time: ???

I woke up to the color of the clear white sky, with a slight smell of a disinfectant.

The smell was very familiar. Every single time bad luck came knocking on my door, I was sent to the hospital. In a time frame of a month, I cannot count how many hundreds of times I had to smell this scent.

'Huh!? Hospital!?'

My reasoning and rational thinking immediately returned to me. I was obviously run over by a train just a few seconds ago. So why am I in a hospital the moment I woke up?

God! Can it be that the train failed to take my life?

This was really bad. Since I'm still alive, according to the speed of the train, it can only mean I won't be able to escape being disabled. In fact, I might even have become what one would call a "vegetative" state and my brain would be the only thing left functioning...

I jumped in front of a train to commit suicide. Not only did I not die, I might even have damaged the railway track. I wonder how much money it would be needed to pay for the compensation...



Even when I woke up and found myself being alive, I couldn't find myself to feel happy. When I thought of this brutal fact, I started to want to complain about the Sir Death God who did not grant me the ability to be reborn properly.

Wait a moment... Having said that, I've actually already seen the ceiling...

I tried to slowly move my head, and unexpectedly, I found that I was able to smoothly turn my head.

At the side of the bed, I saw something white, which looks like spilled water spread all over the bed. There were also a few strands of red, which looks like worms lurking beneath the white cloth.

The very same "Death God" was currently lying at the side of my bed, sleeping.

'So I'm dead as expected?'

But then again, this Sir Death God looked really beautiful. He's beautiful even when he's sleeping. He was someone who gave off a strange and cold murderous scent, so regardless of whether he was awake or asleep, he caused others to be apprehensive of disturbing him.

While I was thinking so, without any warning, the curtain beside the sickbed was vigorously pulled open with a loud "Swish" sound, suddenly echoing throughout the entire room.

I saw a lion head.

Ah... let me rephrase it. It was actually a person who had a haircut similar to a lion's head.

He was a very tall and large guy with a foreigner's facial features. Brown streaked hair, which was standing up like a lion's head, and the hair in the back of his head, was tied up with a few strange decorations into braids.

The first impression of him was a flamboyant aborigine... Cough. At least that was what I thought.

The person stared at me while giving a strange look. If you insist on me describing it, it's the kind of weird feeling of being stared at by a snake, causing my hair to stand on its ends.

Then the snake Aborigine changed his line of sight towards the Death God who was deeply sleeping.

So they are companions?

The same time that I'd made this conclusion, within the next second, something immediately occurred, which seemed to be laughing at my naiveté; (really?).

The shaggy South American weirdo suddenly opened his hands, as if he was trying to grab a small chick, and he immediately pounced at the direction of my bedside.

If the strength used was strong enough, I'm certain the bed will receive an impact, causing the whole bed to bounce upwards. Then me, who was currently lying on top of the bed, wouldn't even need one second to fly out of the bed.

However, none of the two things happened. The reaction of that "small chick" was even faster, just like a hurricane.

Unsure of when the Death God woke up, but using the side of my bed, he propped himself up and neatly jumped up (I'm not sure how he did that while sitting on the chair). He then swung around in a circle and gave the Aborigine a kick on his face. The Aborigine was blown away by the kick.

I suspect this Death God had a habit of using violence with his legs since I was also just kicked once not too long ago.

The Death God's face seemed to still be in a sleepy daze, and there were traces of lines where his silver hair had been pressed on his face. His red eyes stared at me blankly, as if he was not aware he had just beaten up an aborigine.

That was on reflex... really?

The lion Aborigine was moaning as he crawled up from the floor (to think he's not dead from the kick), and started saying a long string of foreign language I couldn't understand.

Even without any knowledge of the spoken language, I was pretty certain he was complaining. On his face, there were two ridiculous streams of blood running down his nose.

This time, the Death God was finally awake. His originally sluggish look immediately changed into a cold and frosty one, tightening his lips, he glared at the nose bleeding Aborigine without uttering a single word. Even I could tell his expression was serving as a warning but the Aborigine was still going "Wala wala", saying a long string of complaints, while aimlessly exposing a strange expression.

Just as predicted, after five seconds, the Aborigine was then kicked again on the same spot.

"You're awake?"

The Death God turned his head around and asked me in a very harsh tone.

I quickly nodded, "Am I in hell?"

I thought the place didn't look like one of the human world. It must have been because of my failure to die and fainted. So this beautiful Death God didn't know what to do and dragged both my body and soul back before making another decision...

Red eyes glared at me and with a sneer, "It doesn't matter if you want to treat this as hell but I'll tell you this. You'd better be psychologically prepared. It's hundreds of times harder to stay in this place compared to

hell."

The words those thin lips spat out made one huddled in fear.

The Aborigine, who still hasn't died after being kicked, actually got up again. This time he didn't dare to provoke the Death God. With his hairy arms and legs, he climbed onto the side of my bed, very similar to a big ruffled bear, "Dear student, do you feel better after taking a nap?"

I was very taken aback; the Aborigine actually speaks the language I know!?

"A... A little better." At least I was a little more sober and able to accept the horrible fact that my life had already ended.

The Aborigine laughed loudly with his mouth wide opened, a typical American laugh, "That's good. Since you've missed the opening ceremony, you should at least go and take a look around the classroom."

'Opening ceremony? Classroom?'

I lifted my head and subconsciously looked at the beautiful Death God. Although he is very fierce, after being with him for one whole morning, I believe he's a nice guy, or he wouldn't have treated me to a drink.

The Death God was tidying the black clothes he was wearing. The rather long clothes looked like a coat-like uniform, but it also looked like some military gown.

This time I clearly saw it, a badge was hanging on his arm, and the emblem of the school I enrolled in was on top of it.

The series of happenings, following the school's emblem, was slowly starting to connect together.

From the time when the girl said she was my senior and jumped in front of the train, and also the appearance of the Death God...

"So I've signed up at a school for dead people..."

This was my conclusion. 'Woo... I want to cry.'

The Aborigine, who was drinking tea, suddenly made a splurt sound and spat the tea all over the bed.

Red eyes glanced over here, icy cold, very similar to the one in the morning.

"F\*\*\*!"

In less than half a second, a shoe's sole appeared in front of me.

\*

"This is Atlantis Academy."

As soon as the Aborigine took away the bed sheets splattered with tea, the Death God pointed at the badge at his arm and said.

It was only then that I noticed, not only the badge on his body had the same emblem, even the pillow I was been lying on was covered with the emblem.

"This is the medical centre." As if he was trying to protest, the Aborigine was stuffing the bed sheet into a big metal garbage bin (Recycle bin?) while shouting.

The Death God used his red eyes to ferociously glare at him again before turning his sights back to me, "Atlantis Academy is comprised of what you guys would call a "High School" up to a "Research Institution". Students enrolled here from all around the world, so the subjects taught here are almost all different, varying from one person to another."

He looked at me for a moment, and revealed an icy smile, "But I would suggest you choose the psychology class first."

I stared at the Death God in a daze, no, I can't call him a Death God anymore. One minute ago, I just found out he is actually a human, and also similar to me, a student.

He was only a year older than me, my God.

At that moment, I silently cried out in my heart, and it wasn't because I had any complaints against the psychology class comment.

"That train..." I opened my mouth wide, suddenly not really sure of what I wanted to ask; thinking of the time when the train came rushing towards me. Why was it that after being hit by a train, I reached the school?

"The school gate is located in the front of the train. There are only three shifts each day. If you missed them, you won't need to come anymore." Pulling off the rubber band and then tying up his white hair again. He, who had downgraded from a Death God to a human fellow student, explained to me.

"School... school gate?" This time my whole body went rigid.

"This time the gate was in front of the train, which was wasn't that bad. But last time, it was in front of a plane, so all the students needed to think of a method to sneak inside the airport and get hit by the plane, almost causing the whole spectacle into a joke."

After he had finished with placing the blanket, the Aborigine smiled while walking towards them with three cans of drinks in his hands. The labels on them were words I couldn't read, but according to the color of the picture it should be an orange juice.

'Hit by a plane?'

I brought back my attention from the cans to the Aborigine. In fact, I was hoping from the bottom of my heart I had ear cramps and had heard the words incorrectly.



I wasn't sure if it was due to having different languages and cultures, but I did not understand any of the things they had just mentioned. Regardless if the school gate was located in front of a train, or a plane, I felt they were all a bunch of lies!

Senior smoothly and naturally snatched two cans of drinks while skilfully avoided touching the Aborigine. He threw one can over to me, "You'll get used to it after getting ran over a few more times."

I'm pretty sure that sentence was supposed to comfort me, but no matter how I hear it, it feels very weird.

"I... I can't understand what you guys are talking about." I gathered my courage and finally yelled out, but as soon as my voice came out of my mouth, it turned into soft meowing sound, "School, school..."

What I wanted to ask is what kind of school is this? Everything was way above my ability to understand, including what they had just said. Senior raised his eyebrows, and he seemed to be thinking about something.

A few seconds later, the can of orange juice was put aside; the red eyes stared at me for a long time, "I want to ask you, do you know what Atlantis Academy is?"

What is Atlantis Academy? Isn't it a super cheap rural school?

I wanted to say that but the red eyes were so frightening, so all I could do was I shake my head from side to side.

Senior snorted, the expression on his face changed into one of a 'so I was right' kind of expression.

"Dear student, you don't even know what Atlantis Academy is and yet you dared to come and register in this school. You are truly courageous." The Aborigine opened the can of drink and started drinking while smiling at me.

I'm not sure if I was being too sensitive, but that smile made me feel he was waiting to see a good show.

"Is it not a standard and normal school...?" It can't be that it's a school for underworld education?

Looking at senior and the Aborigine in front of me, there was a few seconds where this possibility almost became real in my mind.

"Atlantis Academy is... a school for people with special abilities." Senior looked at me for a moment as if he was afraid it was hard for me to understand, so he made a gesture.

He placed his hand on top of the can of orange juice for a while. I thought he placed his hand there because it was getting tired, but suddenly, the can melted.

That's right, it melted.

Below senior's black gloved palms, the aluminium can which was enclosing the orange juice, rapidly melted like an ice was surrounded with heat. A few seconds later, what I saw was a mattress soaked with orange juice, and the Aborigine's wail echoing in the room.

I was frightened; my eyes grew in wide circles, and my mouth hung open. My expression must be really amusing, just like seeing a real life ghost.

"Atlantis, it is a school specializing in the development of special abilities." Senior smiled. With the same cold smile, he said, "Welcome, junior." The last two words seemed to be emphasized, as if he was grinding his teeth.

The lion head Aborigine took down the bed sheet dyed with orange juice with a sorrowful expression, "Welcome dear student, I'm the assistant of the health care center, Rollins Tyre. Chinese name is Feng Jiu."

"Feng Jiu?" A very strange name.

I looked at the lion head Aborigine... Uh, it should now be Mr. Assistant. He looks nothing like a Phoenix (Feng), why didn't think of naming him Shi Jiu instead.

<div style="padding-left: 30px;">[T/N: His name literally means 'Phoenix Coffin'. Shi is the first character of the word 'Lion' (Shizi)]</div>

I immediately remembered I have yet to introduce myself, "I-I'm Chu Ming Yang."

I subconsciously glanced at Senior. He didn't say anything and his sight was not focused on the two of us, but his sighted was directed at the other side of the window, as if his attention was attracted by something outside.

The lion head Aborigine recited my name a few times while mixing some words of another language I couldn't understand. It was obvious he was probably complaining about the name, which was translated from Chinese into another foreign language, was abnormally difficult to pronounce.

Just as I turned around to look for that beautiful senior to approach him, no, I mean, to ask for his name, when a huge earth-shaking sound suddenly came from outside the window. If there was a metaphor used to describe it, it would be like the horrifying sound of the sky falling down.

I even felt the floor in here vibrating. The can of orange juice drank half-way by the lion head Aborigine, which was originally left aside, had been shaken by the vibration until it hit it floor. The thick orange liquid started to spread around the ground, making it look like the floor had suddenly opened its mouth and laughed.

The lion head Aborigine issued an echoing wail for a second time.

Then I suddenly thought that no matter if the sky's falling down or if it's an earthquake, now was not the time to stare at the Aborigine wailing, so shouldn't we quickly find a place to hide, or evacuate from the building instead!?

"What are you doing?"

The second I grabbed onto senior's hand, I was thinking of running out through the escape door, when a steely cold voice reached my ears. The owner of that palm issued an absolute warning, which seemed to assert that if I am still not willing to let go of his hand in the next second, he will cut off my hand. Since both my life and hands are just as important, I immediately let go.

Unknowingly, the loud sound had already stopped.

While under the gaze of that pair of murderous red eyes, I cowardly moved towards the window with a smile on my face, "I wonder what happened outside..." Changing the subject, I immediately open the shutters.

There was another advantage of doing this, that is, if senior rushed towards me, wanting to cut off my hand, I could try to block his attack and jump out of the window.

I was stunned with what I saw.

Just as I turned my head and looked outside the window, ensuring my escape route, the scene outside the window deeply shocked me. Thinking back, when I was hit by a MickD's signboard, I wasn't as shock as I was now.

In order to determine whether or not my eyes had been playing tricks on me, I firmly rubbed my eyes. I rubbed, and rubbed again. I continued to

rub my eyes hard. Right in front of my very eyes, was the unimaginable truth. Which means, no matter how hard I rubbed my eyes even until I go blind, the sight I saw will continue to exist.

What I saw outside the window, was a cubic thing running past.

If that cubic thing was a rubik cube, I probably won't be so shocked. The problem was, the thing that just ran past me was umpteenth times larger than a rubik cube. It also had doors and windows. The main point was, there were people inside.

To be more accurate, the cubic thing wasn't running because it didn't have any legs, it was actually "jumping" instead. I'm not sure if it's accurate to describe it this way, but in short, what I saw was a chunk of cubic looking cement object flying and jumping around in extremely high speed movements, and then it rushed towards the brighter side in the other direction.

Each and every hop the object made would give out the same thunderous sound as before, and the echoes of the humming sound came from far away.

Suddenly, someone patted my shoulder. I mechanically turned my head back and saw the lion head Aborigine. He used a rather "silently praying" kind of expression to look at me, "Dear student, I wish you good luck."

When he said that, what I saw the expression on his smiling face was of one who was waiting to see a good show, "The thing that just ran past, is your classroom."

"Ah!?" I opened my mouth and gave off a huge, slow-witted and single toned query.

The block of cement had already disappeared from my sight for quite some time. The very kind hearted lion head Aborigine used his fingertip to knock on the smooth window surface, I looked further towards the direction that his finger was pointing to.

What I saw was a huge white building. I've never such a building before. It was glowing slightly with a pale white light. I wasn't really sure what kind material it was made from. It was so pretty, similar to color of a silver moon.

However, the building had several hollowed out holes, making it look it rather irregular, and the inside of the holes revealed the ugly color of cement.

Just when I was stunned while looking at those holes, I was something else that almost scared the living hell out of me.

Lines were appearing on one of the flat corners of the pretty white building, in a rather cubical shape. After a few seconds, as if it was being pushed, the block of cube fell out of the white walls.

The thing that fell out was a cement coloured cube. As the thing landed, it issued a loud sound, the same exact sound I heard a moment ago.

A few seconds later, a similar block of cement cube ran past in front of me for the second time. While jumping, it was also emitting loud sounds

and disappeared from my sights.

I was petrified. This was not a place for humans to stay in.



# Chapter 4 : Health Care Center

Location: Atlantis

Time: ???

If you've read manhua before, I'm sure you will be able to know the kind of expression that can be used to describe the current me.

Munch's Scream, distorted by a hundredfold. (It probably doesn't look anything close to a human any more.) [T/N: It is a painting/pastel by Edvard Munch, entitled "The Scream"]

Oh God, oh God, oh God, oh God—! Mama! What the hell is this place—!

I want to go home! NOW! Immediately!

"Stop talking nonsense, that one was not his classroom."

Senior's voice drifted over to my ears, sounding rather careless and lazy, as if he was commenting about the sky being very clear today. I lifted my head to take a look, it was indeed a very good day...

Was this the point!?

As I maintained my petrification looking like a screaming statue, a knock came from the door. The Aborigine, who was nearest to the door, opened it. A slender figure flashed inside.

At that moment, I seemed to have smelt a strong bloody scent, which disappeared as soon as the door was closed.

The person who came in was an extremely familiar person.

She was the female senior whom I saw getting hit by a train, and was supposed to have died. But because I wasn't able to find her corpse, I became the victim, instead. (Self-proclaimed reasoning.)

"Geng." As soon as he saw the person, senior stood up and nodded slightly.

The female senior nodded her head politely in a similar manner, and then she looked at me, "Junior, we meet again."

With her familiar gentle smile and alluring voice, she said "I'm Geng, from the University Department. If there are any problems, you are welcome to find me any time."

At that moment, I involuntarily snapped out of my screaming statue status and immediately nodded.

Senior looked at me suspiciously, then he sneered and snorted coldly, "Geng, it came out." He raised his right hand and pointed at his own eyes. Shocked by the fact, the female senior immediately covered her eyes and then laughed lightly, embarrassed.

I'm not sure if it's an illusion, but for a moment I saw an unknown green light coming out of the corner of her eyes. However, as I tried to take a

better look, I could no longer see it. Could it be that my eyesight was getting worse...?

"I actually came to tell you that the queue outside had already reached the other end of the corridor. So please do something about it." This time, her gentle voice was directed to the Aborigine, who shrugged helplessly.

A queue? Was this health care center in such high demand?

Students were actually "queuing" for their turn... and I actually stayed here for such a long time. I suddenly felt a sense of profiting from this turn of event.

"Anyway they won't run away, and it's not like they'll die if they wait for a while longer." The Aborigine snorted.

"It'll smell if left alone for too long." Senior frowned with displeasure; he suddenly grabbed my hand, and started dragging me outside, "I want to bring this guy to his classroom for registration. You can deal with it at your leisure."

'It'll smell if left alone for too long?'

When I've yet to understand what the sentence meant, senior had already dragged me away and using his other hand, and opened the main door of the health care center.

At that moment, when I described myself as a version of Munch's Scream distorted by a hundredfold a while ago, I suddenly felt that it was

actually too mild.

"AHHHHHHH—!!!" I swear, even the dreadful screams issued by pigs about to be slaughtered definitely cannot be compared to the tragic shrill that came out from my mouth.

In the health care center, the Aborigine and the female senior, who were still discussing something, immediately covered their ears, lest the demonic sound would corrupt their brains.

However, senior, who was standing right beside me, was not so lucky.

While I was trying to comprehend what I saw, senior was stunned for a few seconds and didn't move a single inch. My horrifying scream must have caused him to be so startled, that he didn't know how to react.

"You, shut up!"

When senior recovered from his trance, he didn't even take 0.1 seconds before making a move immediately. With his left hand, he gave me an extremely smooth and ruthless upwards slap just below my chin, almost causing me to suicide on the spot by biting my tongue.

Fortunately my tongue wasn't between my teeth, so I only bit my lip and I saw some blood coming out.

"Wuwuwuwu..." I stared with my eyes wide open, with one hand holding onto my lip, which almost turned into a swollen intestine, and with the other trembling hand pointing at the spectacular scene.

Calling it spectacular would be too polite.

Those who had watched disaster or war based films, should have seen this type of scene; a long road filled with corpses or bodies of people who could not even utter a single sound due to suffering heavy injuries.

This particular scene was reflected on my eyes.

From the start of the hallway, just located outside of the health care center, was filled with several corpses. It was as if a massacre had just occurred in this place. However, the cause of the death of each corpse was very impressive. Almost every possible kind of corpses can be seen; some looked like they had been crushed, crushed into something unrecognizable. One could not make out the original shape from those pieces and lumps of meat.

I felt like vomiting, and then I really did vomited.

Vomits—!

"F\*\*\*!"

The next thing I heard was senior's furious roar, and the next thing I saw was the familiar print of his shoe's sole

Because I vomited on him.

I sat on a chair, paralyzed, while looking half-dead like a fish out of water. I finally understood what they had been talking about a few moments ago. The so called queue was actually the long line of corpses.

"Still alright?" the Aborigine assistant took a look at my condition while shaking the can of beverage he had just taken out of the refrigerator.

After I finished retching, I was again kicked back into the health care center while senior borrowed the health care center's bathroom and clothes, while exuding a fierce and murderous expression. At the moment, he was still working hard washing up inside the bathroom.

I think he is a clean freak.

"Probably better..." I opened my mouth and spat out two words. I smelled the disinfectant flowing in with the air, and after a few seconds I started feeling nauseated again, making me want to vomit.

I felt an icy cold object touching my forehead. The can the Aborigine was holding was placed on my forehead, "Drink this and you'll feel more comfortable."

I looked at the can of beverage. This time I'm able to read the words on the can, it was in Mandarin, lemonade.

"In the beginning, people who were unaccustomed to this, would turn out just like you. But once you've seen this long enough, you'll become immune of it." The female senior, who might have been a victim before, smiled and said with a tone of someone with experience.

However, I suspect that even after I've seen it for a long time, I still won't be able to get used to it.

After I opened the can and drank a few mouthful of lemonade, I finally felt my queasiness subsiding. The urge to vomit out my bile in every few seconds had stopped.

"Hey! Have you finished washing?" The assistant, who had unknowingly walked to the side of the door of the bathroom, readily used his hand to hit the door a few times, making lots of noise, "I want to start my work!"

So his work was actually collecting the corpses... I put down the can of lemonade and thought sincerely.

'That's not right! Where did those corpses come from?'

The cruel and strange fact connected straight away buffeting my almost depleted perceptual reaction...

"?%\$%#%!" The bathroom door, which was originally closed, suddenly flew opened forcefully.

But please forgive me as I did not understand what senior said. I even suspected he spoke in an alien kind of language. As soon as the door opened, the silver-haired senior, who still had droplets of water on him, angrily roared at the assistant with those enigmatic sentences.

I'm not sure why, but I intuitively thought he was swearing and he didn't want me to hear it.

Mama, I think we should have registered for the elite school. I was wrong.

"You look really pale. Are you still feeling sick?" Coolly hanging at the side with nothing better to do, the female senior kindly asked.

'Nonsense, if anyone saw a line of corpses queuing up, how can anyone not feel sick.'

Once I thought of the "Battalion" I saw earlier, the sour sense of nausea started to appear in my throat again.

"If you vomit again, I'll stuff the clothes you puked on right inside your mouth." While tidying his clothes, senior coolly threw a horrifying and threatening sentence over to me.

I immediately covered my mouth with both hands desperately, even if I have to, I'll swallow the vomit.

But then again, I have already vomited everything earlier, so the only things left inside my stomach was stomach acid and the lemonade.

"Don't you want to go back to the hostel to change into a spare black robe?" Noticing he had changed into casual white clothing, the female senior raised her eyebrows and asked, "Being... seen in those clothes could be troublesome."



"There's no need, since this guy only has a half day of class today. After he has finished registering, I'll be going off work." senior gave me a look before coldly snorting twice.

I started to feel fear for my being.

While I was experiencing a thrilling and masochistic pleasure, senior, who was tidying his hair by tying it into a ponytail, suddenly turned his to me. Narrowing his red eyes, he stared at me for a long time.

Just as my fear almost went over 100%, senior's good looking lips slowly moved, "Your mouth doesn't hurt?"

"Ah?" I stared at senior with a dumbfounded expression.

The reason I was dumbfounded was not because of what he had said but because of the action of him tying his hair into a ponytail.

From the beginning to the end, I did not see him using a hair dryer and the time he took to come out from the bathroom and stand in front of me was more or less two to three minutes.

Excuse me; I would like to ask why his hair was dry?

Autologous evaporation? This was not funny at all.

However, if this school was indeed a school for nurturing special

abilities, then from what was written in manhuas and light novels, it was very possible that he used his special abilities to dry his own hair in less than 0.1 second.

I had accepted this fact rather quickly. At least compared to the jumping classrooms, it was much easier for people to accept.

"Your mouth, really doesn't hurt?" Senior narrowed his eyes while edging closer; suddenly his good looking face was enlarged making my heart skip a beat.

I was very afraid he would suddenly stab me with his hands because I had vomited all over him earlier.

Manhua always had these kinds of situation where an unarmed person could easily pierce through bodies.

"You must have bit it just now." Senior stretched out his hand and touched my lip.

I suddenly felt the pain and remember a slap which almost caused me to bite my own tongue. I was probably too shocked that I didn't react to the pain until just a second ago. Now that senior suddenly touched it, it felt really painful, "It hurts!"

And his hand felt really icy! SENIOR! Just like a block of ice.

I started suspecting he really was a Death God. Just to make me feel at ease in my process of going to hell, he lied to me about this establishment

being a school.

"Crying out in pain just cause of this small wound, hmph." The assistant's voice suddenly resounded in my ears, causing me to remember about this number one person whom I'd forgotten about.

Then my line of sight was immediately moved to a higher position.

Correction, it's not my line of sight moving higher but I was suddenly picked up by the assistant just as if I was a small chick.

"Se-senior!" Regardless of whether you are a ghost or a Death God, please save me.

I looked at senior, who was standing on the ground, and started issuing a wishful pleading.

Actually I shouldn't have begged him because from the beginning, I had already predicted his action. As expected, senior, who had no conscience, snorted and turned his head away, completely ignoring me.

"Good boy, no need to be scared of this small injury." In order to strengthen my confidence, the assistant issued some incomprehensible words.

The problem wasn't because I was afraid of the pain, but I'm very scary of you, boss!

"Stop scaring him or else he won't be able to register as a new student by today." It was the female senior, who had a little more conscience, as she told the Assistant while still sitting at the same place.

Senior, although you only moved your lips but not moved a single step, I'll definitely remember your kindness.

"I did not scare him. I thought you also had to bring a new student here, so why are you sitting there looking so free?" the Assistant threw me onto a chair and simply grabbed a bottle of medicine from the top of a trolley.

"What kind of medicine is this...?"

"Mine is already considered as a senior student. Since he came directly from a lower grade, he can easily handle it without me by his side. So I'm very bored now."

Completely ignoring my question, the two of them began chatting.

But the Assistant did not forget what he was supposed to do while he was chatting. He took out a clean cotton ball, dipped it into a transparent paste, and in less than two seconds he had already finished applying the medicine. It felt icy cool and the pain immediately subsided.

What kind of medicinal paste is that? Is it effective?

"Here, take a look if there's any other injured places." In between chats, the Assistant threw a mirror over to me.

Puzzled by his words, I picked up the mirror and wanted to look at it perfunctorily. The second I looked into the mirror, both my eyes were wide opened. In the mirror, my injury had totally vanished, just as if I was never injured in the first place.

This is really too amazing!

I definitely have to ask what medicine it was since it was very effective. According to my daily rate of getting injuries, this should be considered as a daily necessity. I wonder, will there be a discount if I order it in bulk?

"Uhh..."

"Since his injury is fine, I'll bring this guy to complete his registration."

I was interrupted once again. Senior snatched the mirror from my hands and threw it back to the Aborigine assistant. Without asking for my opinion, he dragged me by my collar and walked towards the other direction.

"I..." I still want to ask where I can buy that medicine!

\*

Senior took me through the back door.

This health care center is really huge; it even had something like a back

door.

I didn't bother asking for the reason, it must be because senior didn't want to be attacked a second time by my vomit, so he decided to take the back door. I really don't know if I'm supposed say he is kind.

Just as I was feeling a little touched, senior, who was walking three steps in front of me, suddenly stopped in his tracks. The silvery ponytail slightly swayed and stopped right in front of me, everything was so perfect.

"Whoa!"

Since everything was so perfect, so why did I scream?

The absolute imperfection was a huge cubic cement classroom that suddenly jumped past right in front of the two of us, which caused the ground to shake violently, and almost caused me to fall down.

The rumbling sound so similar to a thunder.

It's only then that I realised, senior brought me somewhere with a big open space where I'm unable to see the end of an empty space. I was only able to see several cement cubes, that were said to be classrooms, randomly bouncing around inside.

With the rumbling sound like thunder, I quickly covered my ears in fear of becoming deaf.

Instead, senior did not even cover his ears; he crossed his arms and narrowed his eyes at the pile of randomly jumping classrooms.

There was one second, and I said only that one second, in which from one side he looked like an assassin who wanted to assassinate those classrooms. Just like pictures in manhuas.

But even if he said he wanted to slaughter the classrooms, I think I wouldn't be surprised. Because looking at him now, gave me that kind of feeling.

"What nonsense are you thinking about?!" I wasn't sure when senior was standing beside me but he suddenly smacked me behind my head issuing a loud popping sound.

If it wasn't because the location was not suitable, I suspect he would have kicked me, instead.

"No, nothing..." 'I was just praising the classrooms and you, senior.'

After looking at me skeptically, senior turned his sights back onto the pile of cement-made blocks. He said with a very natural and relaxed tone. "I found your classroom."

"What?" What did he say?

# Chapter 5 : Burn! Classroom!

Location: Atlantis

Estimated Time: ~3:00 PM (Provided by Senior)

"I'm not in the mood to joke with you."

Just when I was about to smile casually and ask if senior was joking, in less than a second, senior had already spoken, and thus cutting off my fire of hope.

Oh God... In my entire life, I've never done any bad things to anyone. The only person whom I need to apologize to the most would be my mother (that's because she had to often go to the hospital and pay for my medical expenses). So why did you have to make a fool out of me this way?!

The classroom senior pointed to was particularly vicious in its jumping. Estimated speed should be at least a hundred and twenty. The one issuing the loudest sound in the open space was the same classroom.

"Ah ha ha..." I'll accept my fate.

Anyway dying earlier or later won't make much of a difference. Being run over by a train or being crushed by a cement room, I would still die in the end...

Dragging my illogical footsteps, I headed straight for the open space but the senior on my side suddenly grabbed my hand, "Are you trying to take a step to ascend to heaven?!" His red eyes, as sharp as knives, were



glaring at me.

"Aiya, since I'm already destined to ascend to heaven, one or two steps won't make much of a difference." I wasn't sure of the reason but I suddenly had the urge to start joking!

Senior looked at me again, but this time it was obvious he was enduring his urge to kick me, "This empty space is actually Equinoctial Water. If you walk there, you'll directly go to hell. You won't even need to ascend to heaven any more."

What, Equinoctial Water? I can't even see one drop of water in the open space.

As if he saw through my doubts, senior took out a piece of paper from his pocket, "Shadows appear and soar in the sky."

Then I saw the piece of paper, which suddenly started floating in the air and in an instant. The paper folded itself twice, becoming a pair of paper wings and flew towards the open space.

"So your level is still not good enough to see Equinoctial Water." Smiling coldly, senior made it obvious he was waiting to see a good show.

As I was about to open my mouth to ask what he meant, the paper wings flapped and flapped, finally reaching the open space. Then it slowly descended onto the ground.

In a split moment, within the empty open space, there was a split

second when the space was suddenly distorted. At the same time, the paper wings descended onto the ground, I saw a shark-like mouth issuing a "roar!" and then swallowed the paper wings.

...

What happened at that moment was clear with the sound in provided... The wings had disappeared.

However if I think about it clearly, if it was me who stepped on the open space, blood would have been sprayed all over the ground; according to the Nation Geographic Channel's prediction.

"If you want to chase the classroom, you'll need to use this." A surfboard suddenly appeared in senior's hands.

"...Oh, okay, I'll go and buy one right away." I totally won't be surprised any more, not even a little. I'm very calm now; I won't be surprised by anything anymore.

Even if senior suddenly got the classrooms to halt, sit down and shake, I won't be scared.

...

...

Damn it, what kind of freaking school is this?!

"Buy one your head!" Senior glared at me again, and threw the white surfboard into the empty space. The miraculous board was actually floating thirty centimeters away from the ground, just as if there really were waves below it.

I felt like I could hear the sound of the ocean waves. Sunset, beach, coconut trees, such a perfect scenery. I wonder if Guinness World Records allows an application for "1 second of madness".

\*

"Look carefully, I'll only demonstrate this once. This is how you're supposed to use it."

After one of his foot stepped on the surfboard, senior bent down, flipped open a compartment where the leash was kept. Senior then tightly grabbed onto the leash, with its length extending nicely up to his waist, "Just like this and you can start using it."

I stood at the same spot, watching senior's extremely neat actions and began suspecting if he uses the floating surfboard to chase after classrooms everyday...

"If it wasn't for you, I wouldn't have wanted to use this extremely ugly antique!" Senior roared at me.

Alright, I was wrong, he wouldn't use it daily. But senior was senior. Even while standing on the surfboard, he exuded a certain level of

coolness.

"Still not coming up?" Red eyes glared at me again, as if I'm still not up there in within the next second, he would most probably help me to implement a hairstyle as smooth as a high-speed highway by shaving it with the surfboard.

"Coming, I'm coming"

I'm really afraid of that unidentified shark mouth. The second I jumped onto the surfboard, I definitely felt the surfboard dipping downwards by a little and then it once again floated upwards with the wave.

The surfboard was very stable in senior's hands. Totally different from the time when I went to the beach last year, where I capsized and directly sunk to the bottom of the seabed.

"Let me tell you this first, just in case you're still unaware of the situation. In this school, everything with life has a name that binds them. Just like this board we're riding on, it also has a name. When you need it, just call him, but after you're done using it, you need to thank it, which is the basic etiquette." Senior said calmly, and it seemed like he wasn't joking.

"Ah?" So troublesome.

Senior looked at me and without changing his expression, "Don't complain about it being troublesome. If it was you, if you were used and weren't thank afterwards, you won't be happy about it either!"

It made sense. But the problem was, "Senior..." I strongly suspected he knew what I was thinking. From morning till now, I felt like I had been stripped and was seen thoroughly by him.

"I have no interest in prying into your boring thoughts." Snorting the air out from his nose, senior turned his head away.

You obviously heard it! This school doesn't give the students their privacy!

"If you want the thing called privacy, then you'll need to work hard to improve yourself. Now be a good boy and listen carefully!" One punch on top of my head, and without giving me any time to wail, senior continued his lecture about the surfboard, "This guy's name is Silin. Before using it, you'll need to say, "Please give me the speed of a Benz on this water, Silin".

At that very moment, I felt the board at my feet starting to float a little, as if it was being propped upwards.

"Let's rumble." With just those two simple words, after senior finished saying them, the surfboard suddenly acted like a crazy wild dog hit by a stone. Using less than half a second, it rushed away.

"Waaaaaaaahhhh—!!" I started suspecting that today's school registration training is actually a screaming ceremony.

Damn it damn it, what the hell is this surfboard! Its speed was at least hundred and eighty. Ahhhhhhhh!

A sweet fruity aroma drifted over with the wind and into my sense of smell, but the current me, who almost had my face deformed due to the wind pressure, totally had no time to determine where the smell came from.

"Yaaaaaah—!!" Saliva was blown by the wind till it sprayed out, dripping onto the surfboard below.

"Damn noisy!" With the wind pressure came a fierce sound, I didn't even take one second to stuff my hand into my mouth and firmly bite on it.

After one day of being together I deeply believed senior was a lot scarier. I cannot go against him.

"Silin, catch up to it." Senior, who was pulling the leash to manipulate the direction, was still impressively standing upright. Even while I was squatting on the board, hugging onto his thigh or hanging onto his body, these actions were completely ignored.

I don't want to play any more, I don't want to play any more! Is there anyone who can take me home?! Ma, quickly help me drop out of school!

Just as my tears were about to appear and mix together with my snot, my collar suddenly tightened and my entire body was then pulled up.

"Look carefully, that room is your classroom." The senior in front of me said, unsure of when he had already chased up to the huge cement block. His silver hair seemed to be like dried rice noodle as it kept falling on my

face causing it to itch.

From inside a pile of hair, I saw an almost similar cement block thunderously jumping right in front and began to doubt my identifying skill, as I can't even differentiate one classroom from another.

"Even if you are an idiot, each classroom has a doorplate above. Unless you are blind, then you won't be able to see it." Senior's cold speech, which seems to be able to cut through one's heart floated over.

This time I clearly saw them. On top of the jumping classrooms... were big hanging doorplates, swaying here and there as the classrooms jumped.

The top of the classroom reads: First Grade, C Department.

"This school's class placement for each students are according to their abilities."

Oh oh, so that means my ability wasn't so bad. The alphabet was one of the first few.

"There are only three classes in each year." Senior added this after a while.

" ... "

"Whoa!"

"F\*\*\*!"

Just when the two of us were getting closer to the classroom's door, the detestable huge cement block suddenly did an emergency brake, fixed itself at one position, stood firmly, and then immediately turned around and ran at the opposite direction.

"Damn you!" Senior wasn't planning to back down either, braking and standing firm in less than one breathing cycle, he then tightened the leash in his hands causing the surfboard to make a 180 degree turn. It was so quick that I almost became a meteor as I was almost thrown off.

Nevertheless, I still remembered I wasn't a meteor, a meteor would at least punch a big hole on the ground. But if I was the one who flew down, I'll most probably be the one to have a hole punched on my body by the shark's mouth. Since I appreciate my life, I clung on to senior and wouldn't let go.

Mama, I met a surfboard racing gang.

"Bastard, you'd better watch out!" Senior was clamoring at the classroom in front. It was obvious he was already intoxicated with the thrill of racing. In fact, I felt that motorcycle racing was nothing, really.

Once you've seen a person standing on a surfboard racing with a room, I believe you would think so too.



"Se-se-se-se-senior..." I said with trembling voice.

I wasn't sure if it was due to "this looks fun", but several unrelated classrooms that were nearby, suddenly crowded around. With booming sounds, they collided with each other in front of us and then bounced off. The collision raised a huge amount of dust in front of us where small broken pieces of cement were also present inside the dust.

"Shut up, hold on tight!" Senior, who was obviously a veteran in a battlefield, did not even bat an eyelid; the leash on his hands were turning left and right. The nimble surfboard was non-stop traversing like a snake while in the midst of a bunch of cement blocks colliding with one another, "Want to win against me with this kind of level, you'd better go back and practice more."

I wasn't sure who he was talking to, but my hunch was telling me he seemed to be... arguing... with the cement blocks.

The cement blocks that were left behind started a commotion by colliding into one big mess issuing an even louder sound. Then we continued to chase after my classroom again.

After settling the surfboard's speed, senior turned around and said to me, "Hey, listen carefully, every one of the classrooms here each have their own names. Only when you call out the right name, they will then stop and allow you to enter."

Good boy, please do not do this because turning your head while you are driving is a dangerous behavior.

"I, I, I, I, I understand..." Trembling voice.

Sighing, senior then began to speak: "Remember well, the name of this classroom is: Clothe in Moral, a wedge close to eminent, extending from west to west, a promise of C Ancient Block."

A long string of words that I heard but did not understand.

"What?" What did you say? I totally didn't get it at all. Was it even human language? What's with the long string of words?

"Clothe in Moral, a wedge close to eminent, extending from west to west, a promise of C Ancient Block." Senior repeated it once again but it was clearly written on the expression on his face that if I were to ask him to say it a third time, he will throw me off the surfboard.

I didn't have the courage to call out the name of the classroom. But firstly I want to clarify one thing, "Excuse me, what would happen if I call the wrong name?"

"Nothing." Senior's answer was not what I'd expected.

Just when the two of us were at a stalemate, far away at the other side, another surfboard appeared and on top of it was a guy, who was wearing the school uniform, chasing after a classroom. Then he was shouting something out loud.

So the action of chasing after the classroom with a surfboard wasn't limited just to us. For some unknown reason, I suddenly felt a lot more balanced.

"That fool called the wrong name." Senior while still handling the surfboard, turned his head back. I followed his gaze and looked across.

The classroom the person was chasing suddenly stood still. I only used half a second to see a "#" mark appearing on top of the cement block. The cement block then immediately turned around (I think that's what happened), and suddenly started sprinting across as it crazily chased after the student.

It was a horrible scene. My breathing and heartbeat stopped (Or so it felt).

Ju-just now, Se-senior, what did he say? What did he say?!

"There are always idiots who often called the classroom's name wrongly." At one side this sentence was thrown at me.

That cement block was like a crazed hungry dog that saw some meat on a bone and started to urgently chase after the student, causing the whole empty space to rumble with loud noises.

Then it become slow motioned. The cement block jumped up, fell down.

"Bam! Boom!" crashing down on top of the student.

"Oh right, if the name is called wrongly, the classroom will become mad." Senior said while pointing at the cement block which still had a "#" on it. The cement block was still twisting left and right, venting its anger, "Most of them will react this way."

Speechless. I really do not know what else to say. I had an amazing feeling... where I felt that my silent sorrow overwhelming my dishearten self. I suddenly knew where those crushed bodies in front of the Health Care Center came from.

\*

I want to go home. I did not know how many times my past life had quickly flashed in front of my eyes. It seemed like I can even see my grandma, who had passed away last year, waving her hands on top of a cloud.

"Senior." I resigned to my fate as I bit the bullet and called out to him, "I'm sorry I totally cannot remember." Instead of being crushed to death by the cement classroom and then having a fate of a cockroach where I was then grind by a twisting cement block, I'd rather be kicked to death by senior, at least the sole of his shoe looks a little friendlier and more petite in comparison.

"I know, because you are stupid."

Such an extremely unhesitating speech, makes me feel really sad.

"I'll demonstrate it once, for you to see. You'd better not be the one who's crushed to death. It will be a disgrace to me, as your guide." Adding two more sentences, senior pulled the leash causing the whole surfboard to glide to the right, and was then following right next to the door, "Clothe in Moral, a wedge close to eminent, extending from west to west, a promise of C Ancient Block, if you're still not going to stop, I'll tear you apart!"

I was pretty sure the teeth grinding, last part of that ruthless sentence, was not the classroom's name.

Just as senior issued his final warning, the classroom suddenly shook twice, then looking like a ghost having cramps, the classroom shivered and slowly stopped moving.

"That's it."

The classroom's door suddenly opened. Before I even had the chance to think about the problem of whether the Equinoctial Water will flow inside, senior, who was in front of me, had already moved behind me and kicked me into the classroom. He followed by jumping in.

"Ah, right." I quickly turned around as I still remembered senior's instruction, "Silin, thank you." If this was the normal world, people would think I was crazy because I was saying my gratitude to a surfboard.

"Alright, quickly get into your seat." Senior tugged at my collar and headed inside. Then the classroom's door slowly, closed. The same moment the door closed, I seemed to have heard a sound.

"You're welcome. Please do come visit us again next time." The hoarse voice of an old man and the tender voice of a young child combined together making it sound really strange.

...

...

I've decided... It'd be better to pretend those voices were illusions.

# Chapter 6 : Miao Miao

Location: Atlantis

Estimated Time: ~3:20 PM (Provided by Senior)

After entering the classroom, I was prepared to accept my umpteenth shocking baptism. However, the surprise waiting for me inside the classroom was...

"Where are the people?" It was empty, except for two to three students.

Senior looked at the time displayed on his phone, and with a sigh, he said "It's almost time to head back." It was obvious we were extremely late, we couldn't even meet the teacher.

A girl, sitting at the rearmost corner of the classroom, stared at us intently, the moment we entered the classroom. Uh, let me correct myself. It seems like she was staring at Senior. In less than a few seconds, the girl's face exuded an expression of worship, with her face blushing bright red.

'What kind of situation is this!?'

Due to the huge difference between the situation inside and outside of the classroom, I felt a little flattered. The inside of the classroom was actually very calm.

Speaking of calmness, it was only now that I realized the classroom, which was jumping up and down with such force that even the scenery outside the windows were also bouncing up and down. However, while

inside the classroom, not a single vibration could be felt. It felt as if the classroom was totally isolated.

"Se-Senior." The girl approached us, her hands were holding onto a folder where a few dozen sheets of paper were clipped inside, "You're here to bring the new student to report?"

I carefully examined the girl. Very white and clean, slightly shorter than me by half a head, with a shoulder length, ironed hair like a cute dollish roll, slightly dyed golden. She was someone who would easily gain attention from others.

"Nn, Geng already told you about this right." Completely ignoring the girl's hopeful eyes, senior casually gave two perfunctory sentences, "Has roll call already ended?"

"Nn." The girl was like a big toy puppy nodding her head with force, lacking only a wagging tail. It was very obvious she admires senior.

Just when I was thinking about it, I suddenly remembered that the inhuman senior knew how to peep into another person's mind!

"I've already said I have no interest in peeping into your mind!" A dark a scary sentence was suddenly thrown at me.

'Not interested, but you're still eavesdropping!'

I immediately jumped three steps back, "The-then since reporting has already ended, can I go home now?" Mother, do you know how much your



son misses you!?

This was the first time in my life that I've felt the world, where I thought I was really unlucky, was so amiable and lovely, and I've actually never realized her good sides. I was wrong. From now on, I'll be a good boy and obediently become a very unlucky but ordinary person...

"The teacher said to have classmate Chu fill in these information." The girl revealed a very sweet smile, and then she took out about four to five pieces of papers from the folder. On top were numerous messy black words, which looked like surveys to get the student's basic information, "After you're done, I will pass it to the teacher."

There were three seconds where I was melted by her sweet smile. She was so cute when she smiled...

"Snap out of your trance."

A punch landed on my head accompanying the cold words. I was immediately awoken due to coldness of those words, and came back to this cruel and otherworldly place, "I'll fill it immediately, fill it immediately." Under the glare of the bloody and ruthless eyes, I quickly dug out a pen and started filling in the student information.

"So classmate Chu's guide was actually senior, I'm so jealous." The girl began to chat with senior. It seemed like they've already met before this.

"Ahh, actually it's an impromptu change by the school, else I would've declined being a guide." Senior replied while glancing at me, who was still

filling in the form.

'Guide?'

"A guide is, a male or female senior, who helps a new student who has yet to understand the situation of the school. Either a high school students, or a college students are qualified to apply for this job." Senior, who had been very generous in admitting he can peep into my mind, had once again peeped into my thoughts, against my wishes, and directly answered my question.

"So that's how it is." I filled in my basic information and turned to the third page, which contained some accommodation matters, "Umm, is it compulsory to stay in the hostel in this school?" Feeling doubtful because the place where I was hit by a train was actually pretty close to my house. Meaning every day, I just have to walk a small distance to the train station and get hit by a train to reach the school. So I don't have to stay in the hostel, right?

"It's not mandatory to stay in the hostel but I recommend you stay on campus..." Senior looked at the comments on the form and said to me, "Besides, the fees for staying in the school hostel isn't expensive, that is, provided you have the ability to live here..."

The sentence he added at the end of his statement made me feel rather scared...

'Have the ability to live here... it can't be that if one wants to enter the room, one has to start wrestling with the room first?' According to my experiences today, I think this has a two hundred percent chance to

occur.

Senior smiled coldly, and I knew that he had already understood what I was thinking.

"Should senior, who is already at a high rank, should be able to stay in a hostel for free?" The girl, who was still smiling sweetly, continued look at senior with worshipping eyes, "Senior Geng said that students staying in the Black Robe residence are provided by the school for free."

'Black Robe?'

This time, senior did not answer my question nor was he offended by the girl's words.

Was it a topic he didn't want to answer?

"One day, you guys will also achieve the rank." After a long while, Senior suddenly spoke with traces of a faint smile on his face. Completely different compared to the vicious person he was before.

I did not understand. Or rather, I didn't understand why I'm standing here.

\*

"Oh right, I've yet to introduce myself to classmate Chu."

The girl turned towards me and smiled sweetly, "My name is Mikayla, family and close friends calls me Miao Miao." She held up her palm and cutely clawed the air twice, "Because I always bringing my cat out with me, so everyone calls me Miao Miao."

'So she's Cat woman?' This was the doubt that appeared in my mind at that very moment.

In the sidelines, senior, who had the ability to peep into my thoughts, snickered. It felt like he was mocking me.

"My name is Chu Ming Yang. Uh, I think you already knew it." I paused and began to try and recall if there was any beautiful nickname given to me, so I could ask the girl to use it to call me.

In the end I found I didn't have one. Ever since childhood, my nicknames consist of nothing more than 'Unlucky Ghost', 'Unlucky Star', 'Unlucky Guy', No Star, etcetera. There were also some different editions of Unlucky Ghost, or even the final evolution of such nonsense, after filtering those names... I suddenly found out I have no better nicknames I can provide for Miao Miao.

A dozen black lines suddenly fell down from my head.

Unsure of whether I was a failure as a human or the failure was due to my fortune, but at that moment, I was very miserable.

"Then is it alright to call you Yang Yang?" Unsure of whether she'd found out my dilemma, the girl was still very generous with her sweet

smile, while stating the nickname only used by my family.

"Yes, yes." For some reason, I felt a little warmth in my chest.

At the same time I discovered that although Miao Miao looked like a Westerner, she actually spoke fluent Mandarin.

'Does this mean this school is a school for highly gifted students? So everyone needs to know how to speak in many different languages?'

I suddenly felt the my future "Educational ladder" was going to be filled with darkness.

"Let's leave those discussions for a later time." Senior took the information I had just finished filling in and quickly flipped through it before passing it to Miao Miao, "Then this is the end of reporting for today. Next would be the commencement of the students' actual classes, which will be a week from now..."

"Huh?" I froze for a moment, issuing a puzzled tone.

"What's wrong?" Miao Miao looked at me with concern.

Just then, I discovered that Miao Miao's eyes were actually dark green in colour, just like beautiful jades.

"Generally, isn't it supposed to be about three days to one week of orientation for new students?" At least I've heard from my classmate that his was three days. Why is it only one day here? I don't understand.

The two of them stood at my left and right, then looked at me.

After a long while, Miao Miao finally broke the silence by opening her mouth, "That's, Yang Yang, if the school really wanted to conduct an orientation for new students, then three days won't be enough." Her shoulders shook as she said with a heavy expression, as if there was some classified intel.

I began to regret asking the question.

"Originally the school orientation was actually three days, but every time, on the first day, half of the students died. On the second day another half of what's remaining died and there were also those who had minor and major injuries. On the third day there were barely any students who survived to come to class. Because of this, the school's orientation was shortened to one day while the rest of the precautions were written on the booklet that came with the school admission notice." Miao Miao gave me a very detailed explanation while disregarding my face, which had tragically turned white and then blue as if I had just met a ghost.

That is to say, if I had not fainted and was not sleeping in the Health Care Center for the most part of the day, the huge list of death would most definitely had my name written on it.

As my thoughts reached this conclusion, I felt my scalp tingling.

Great Merciful Buddha, thank you for your blessing. And thank you my Lord, thank you for your protection. To the sky full of Gods and Deities, thank you for only giving me bad luck but still gave me a rather immortal

physique.

Senior looked at me again, red eyes flashing with a sneer.

"YangYang when you get home, you must read the booklet a few times, since new students are easily susceptible to accidents." Miao Miao warned me.

In fact, without even being told by her, I regretted not reading the damn safety manual. For some reason, I intuitively knew the booklet would contain information about these supernatural phenomena. Not reading the booklet was my fault, I know...

"What else did his homeroom teacher say?" After the topic came to an end, senior asked Miao Miao.

"Ah, there is still Yang Yang's form for elective courses." Miao Miao hurriedly took out a small clipboard from her folder and stuffed it into my hands, "Yang Yang, our school is different compared to your previous school. The method to go to classes and choosing classes are completely different. After you've finished with the form for elective courses, just pass it to senior and ask him to send it back."

I took a look at the pieces of papers inside the small clipboard, my eyes were almost blinded.

"There are thirty classroom-based courses, you are allowed to choose your courses within the given timeframe." Standing at one side, senior explained, "In addition, there are 108 Advance and Special Courses, some

are dependent on your experience and ability before you are allowed to apply for those classes. So it's enough if you just take a look at the basic courses.

Definitely only basic courses.

I actually saw a course called "Anatomy for Demons" in the list of basic courses! What the hell was that?!

"That's, are there any... more normal..." I swallowed my saliva and asked. The familiar language and math classes were nowhere to be seen?

On the top was a course with something to do about Dialogue with Corpses, Wandering Soul, How to Eavesdrop.

What kind of courses are these!? These should be courses for high school students, right?!

"Miao Miao chose some elective courses, which is Classical Mandarin Class." Miao Miao happily came over and said to me and then I saw the course called Mandarin Language in the dense elective courses form, "As well as Foreign Language Class and Art Class. Yang Yang, do you want to go to the same classes together?"

Indeed, I saw some more normal classes in the elective courses form.

Miao Miao leaned next to me, causing my heart to beat a little faster. You should know that for unlucky guys, it's very rare for girls to take the initiative to get closer.



"For basic courses, Miao Miao remembered senior seemed to have chosen the Eight Major Languages last time. Does YangYang want to try choosing it too?" Miao Miao looked at Senior very respectfully for a few moments as she asked me the question.

"Ugh, there's no need." I don't want to be compared to a Ghost.

With a "pop" sound, senior smacked me directly behind my head.

He's eavesdropping again!

"Senior did you choose any basic courses today?" Miao Miao asked while looking at senior who suddenly made an action without saying anything.

Tilting his head to one side to think, Senior nodded, "Mausoleum."

I looked at the form for elective courses, there was one practical course with the name Mausoleum. The name sounds like really bad news.

But there was something else I wanted to confirm, "Huh? Students from different grades are allowed to choose the same elective courses?" Shouldn't senior be a year higher than me? Because he's one year older than me, shouldn't second year students have their own courses?

"Nn, we all have the same curriculum." Miao Miao nodded firmly, "Only classroom-based courses are different for each grade, but elective courses are mixed together."

I guess that explains it.

Holding onto the elective form in my hands, these courses definitely didn't need to separate the students from different grades, because these courses were definitely not something that humans can cope with.

"Every Wednesday, we need to go back to our own classrooms for a meeting, and then there's clubs and societies. So there are no classes on Wednesdays. Only in the morning, we have to make sure to be in the classroom, and in the afternoon we are free to participate in our own community activities." Miao Miao conscientiously explained to me.

I flipped to the club activities on the third page.

After I saw the name of the club being "Capturing Evil Spirits Club", I used less than half a second to slam the book shut. I think I wouldn't be joining any communities. Really!

\*

"That... can I choose the same basic course as senior?" I sheepishly asked senior, who was next to me. His eyelids were half closed as if he was going to fall asleep.

I-if I plan to study here, I only said if! If my brain was busted and needed to continued to study in this freaking school, as much as possible, I hope I can be in the same class as senior, because he looked really strong. I did not want to become one of those people who were "queuing" outside the

health care center.

Senior looked at me and he should have already known what I was thinking about, "Up to you."

I didn't hear any teeth gritting in his words, so it should really be up to me then.

"Then Miao Miao wants to be in the same class as senior too." Miao Miao quickly jumped back onto her seat where there was a cute white rabbit bag on one side. She took out a similar clipboard and flipped it open, and started writing, "And I also wants to be in the same class as Yang Yang."

Wuu! Such a cute girl. The girls in my previous school were all identical tigresses, either that or they will start shouting and booing at every turn about a boy liking a girl. And then a chalked line will be drawn after, thinking they were the type of girls who were extremely pretty. There wasn't any girl like Miao Miao who gives of a such a fresh and cute feeling.

If I were to ask my mother to help me drop out of school, I'll really miss Miao Miao.

An icy hand suddenly rested on my shoulder. Then it was an icy cold breath.

It really felt similar to the time when our class was staying outdoors during our class tour, where I was being pressured and harassed by a

ghost – that type of coldness.

"... After entering this school, before you finished schooling, you are not allowed to take a long leave of absence or drop out..."

"Whoa!" Covering my ear, I ran forward a few steps and then turned my head to see senior standing at his original position while crossing his arms and looking at me with a smile, but his eyes weren't smiling at all. Miao Miao was also staring at me with big eyes in an odd manner, as I suddenly started screaming and running around.

"Otherwise you'll be cursed by the school." Just now senior, who was the ghost whispering into my ears, snorted twice and used a gloating tone to answer.

"Wh-what curse?" I gathered my courage and asked loudly.

"You'll know that after you are cursed." A very clear and simple answer.

"..." This really is nonsense.

From one side, Miao Miao, who had finished changing her electives, took out a small silver pocket watch, "Yeah, it's already so late, senior still needs to send Yang Yang back right? Because the school shuttle transport had already left a long time ago. Miao Miao has to go out to work already." She hurriedly tidied up her things and promptly revealed an apologetic smile, "So that's it, Yang Yang let's meet up again after the classes start."

Before I could return the courtesy, she had already taken her bag and rushed out. Just as Miao Miao opened the door, I suddenly remembered, "It's dangerous!"

I remembered that the classroom was jumping around on top of the shark's mouth. Miao Miao waved at both of us and in the next second she jumped out of the classroom's door. I wanted to run over to stop her, or she'll be crushed into mud by the classroom.

"Stop running around." Senior frowned and grabbed my rear collar with a strangely large force. I couldn't even take one step forward. I was only able to see the scene where Miao Miao was jumping and directly falling downwards.

"Ah..." My eyes opened wide. Just as I thought that Miao Miao would become a mashed cat, I saw something that could cause my eyes to roll out.

A huge white cat, which was as big as single story building, came rushing past from outside the classroom and then it emitted a loud meowing sound "Meow~~".

Hanging on the top of the cat's neck was something that looked like a leather seat. Miao Miao was sitting on top of it while waving goodbye.

In just half a second, the cat had flown past. I saw nine bushy tails swishing past the classroom's door and windows, then following the thunderous sound of its footsteps, it disappeared.

"Hahaha..." Miao Miao was probably not a human either, I think.

'What the hell was that huge cat!? A demon cat?'

I immediately thought of the monsters that often appear in Japanese manga.

"That is White Cat King, Sua, Mikayla's family mount." Senior loosened his grip and snapped his fingers; the classroom's door automatically slammed shut with a bang. The inside of the classroom immediately quietened down.

I looked at the scenery outside which was still madly jumping around, and then I looked at Senior.

I wasn't sure what I should say.

'White Cat King... Cat King\*...'

[T/N: Cat King is the same as Elvis Presley's name in Mandarin.]

"Isn't Cat King the guy who's really good at singing?" I laughed as I spat out this sentence.

"..." Senior looked at me with a very complex expression. I knew what he wanted to do.

"F\*\*\*!" This time, he kicked my ass.

# Chapter 7 : An Uninvited Guest

Location: Taiwan

Time: 5:20 PM

It was currently dusk.

After experiencing a whole day similar to a horrific nightmare, I was currently standing outside my house.

In fact, I didn't know how I got back to my house. About a second ago, I remember senior telling me to close my eyes, afterwards, I felt the wind whistling by for a few seconds. But when I opened in my eyes, I was already outside my house.

If I wasn't holding on to the folder of the elective courses form, I would really have thought I had met a ghost.

"Why are you standing in front of the door?"

A voice suddenly called me from behind. When I turned around, I immediately saw my older sister standing behind me with an expression of someone looking at an obstruction on the road, "Either you go in quickly, or get out of the way. Don't just stand there and block the path." On her hand, was her bag of swimwear. It seemed like she had an appointment to go out for some water sport today.

I'm so jealous. Today I actually went to a strange school and was being

made fun of.

A small gift box was suddenly placed in front of me.

"Take it." A box of cake appeared in Ming Yue's hand, which was also from one of the famous dessert houses that was introduced by newspapers and magazines, "Ma had something to do in the evening, she'll buy something for dinner later. You can eat this first." She then walked passed me, opened the door, and walked into the house.

I looked at at my sister's back, and then glanced down at the box of cake. It was white, and on top were some silver curls, which kind of looked like senior's hair.

I'm home. There was a feeling of being relieved. I quickly followed inside, and closed the door after entering the house.

The house decorations were just the same as it was in the morning when I went out, with absolutely no changes.

"Why do you have such an exhausted expression?" My sis turned her head to look at me, she then threw her bag onto the sofa and headed to the kitchen to make tea, "It can't be, was your orientation today had something to do with running in the field?"

I'd prefer running in the field.

But if I said I was surfing on an open space while chasing after my classroom, no one is going to believe me. Chances are, in addition to



having 'Unlucky Star' as my nickname, I'll have 'Delusional' added to it.

However, I felt like the time flew by really quickly today. Running and chasing, and in just an instant, it was already in the past.

When did my time pass by so quickly? Even during school hours, everyday was the same boring process.

"Is the school alright?" Ming Yue came out of the kitchen, holding on to two cups of honey lemon tea. She left one cup in front of me, for me to drink while I was eating cake, "Ma was mumbling the whole day about being afraid that as soon as you start school, she'll receive news of you being seriously injured. She spent the whole day right next to the phone or waiting for her cell phone to ring."

I looked at Ming Yue while opening the box of cake.

Indeed, I was almost seriously injured, but maybe it was because of senior, who was next to me the whole day that, today set a new record for having the most scares, but I was totally unscathed.

I was very surprised.

Inside the box was a pudding cake, the sweet scent of the maple syrup filled my entire nostrils. It's only now I realized that after being frightened for the whole day, I'd not eaten anything. I only had a couple of drinks at the assistant's place, so I was feeling extremely hungry.

"Yang Yang, you... aren't planning to drop out, are you?"

Pthu! I was swallowing my first bite when I heard my sis's question. I almost choked to death.

I was wrong. Even if I'm not in school, there's another ghost at home. After being frightened, I totally forgot about it, "I-I'm not!"

Actually I was, but there was no way I will admit it to my sis.

"You'd better not. Although the tuition fee was cheap, but it's still money. You better not waste money." Ming Yue narrowed her eyes and stared at me while snorting twice.

At that moment, I saw the image of the sis and senior overlapping. In fact, it would make much sense if she was senior's reincarnation!

\*

Two days had passed after the school orientation, and my daily life as an unlucky person was unusually calm.

I originally wanted to call my mom to quickly help me drop out of school, but for some reason, after what my sis had said, I dared not mention it to my mom, not even one word. All because I was very afraid my sis would strangle me to death.

"Yang Yang, go and help me buy a packet of salt." My mom, who was currently tidying the lunch dishes in the kitchen, hollered at me.

"It's finished already?" I quickly ran down from my room upstairs, and saw my mother wiping her hands while taking out a five hundred dollar\* bill and passing it to me.

<div style="padding-left: 30px;">[T/N: \$500TWD (New Taiwan Dollar) is a approximately \$17 USD]</div>

"It might not be enough for dinner, so go and buy a few packets. If you want to buy some popsicle, buy one for your sister, too." After she finished giving her instructions, she went back into the kitchen and began her preparations.

My Ma loves the kitchen, and loves cooking even more. I'm not bragging, but her cooking's a lot better than famous chefs.

"Ah, right, Yang Yang." Ma, who had already took out a bag of flour, suddenly called out and stopped me at the entrance, "I found a cell phone in your dirty clothes a few days ago. Whose cell phone is it?" Hanging on her hand was that free of power-charging cell phone that was similar to senior's, and the battery bar was still rather full.

Immediately rushing towards her, I quickly took back the phone, "It's nothing, and this belongs to my school's senior. A few days ago I borrowed it to make a call and forgot to return it."

Mom gave a puzzled look, "Who's so careless that they can forget to take back their phone?" However, she hadn't planned on asking about it any further. After returning the phone to me, she went back to her kitchen to continue her big project.

"Hahaha..." I gave a hollow laugh; I'd totally forgotten about the matter

of having this cell phone, "Right, where's sis?" I haven't see the devilish woman for the entire day.

"I heard she went for movies with her schoolmates." My Ma said from the kitchen..

"Oh."

That's nice. These few days I'd been hard at work reading the school manual, but the more I read, the more frightened I became.

I don't really want to study any more... I don't really want to use my life to study any more... It's too horrifying.

Suddenly felt this world was extremely cute. I wasn't sure exactly how many times I'd been thinking this way in the last few days.

After wearing my shoes, I opened the door. There was someone standing outside my door and it wasn't my sis.

It was a man in white clothing, with neat and short black hair. He gave me the creeps with his perfectly straight and long bangs, and under it were a pair of gray eyes, which were horrifyingly cold; as cold as ice. Even his completely white clothing that covered his whole body looked like what a person would wear after they were reborn.

The person did not even smile, giving of a feeling of a lifeless doll.

I started having goose bumps. So my next action was, slamming the door shut.

There are especially more weirdoes this year!

\*

"So you are Chu Ming Yang."

Just as if the voice was just brought out of the freezer, it floated from behind my head. So cold that my scalp was tingling.

"Whoaaah—!" When did he follow me in!?

I stared with bulging eyes at the ghost (for now, let's address as such) who was standing behind me. He stood at the entrance with his cold eyes looking at me. I felt the hair on my body standing like pins and needles.

This person was more like a ghost compared to senior!

"Yang Yang, why are you shouting outside?" My Ma's voice was coming from the kitchen.

That's right! Ma was still at home!

I was afraid that she will get frightened, and then I opened the door and rushed outside. Sure enough, the ghost followed me out.

"Yaaaah—!" I met a ghost again! I met a ghost again! Damn it. Why is it that not only am I unlucky, I still have to encounter ghosts on so many occasions. What kind of unluckiness is this?!

I broke off in a stride. I desperately ran I ran with my life depended upon it. However, the white clothed ghost was nonchalantly running beside me without any effort. The main point was his expression did not change even a little!

Or is it because its face was covered with quick-dry glue, making it so that it can't even have cramps on its face!

After using the fastest speed I could muster in my entire life to run for five minutes, I turned at a corner and came to the bridge on top of the drainage. There was a person walking across it from the other direction; the lucky student who was admitted into the engineering school.

"Ming Yang!" As he soon as he saw me running towards him, he happily raised his hand and waved at me.

I'm sorry dear student, but I'm not looking for you!

Just as I was intending to run past him in a straight line, the lucky student suddenly grabbed hold on me, "You've run too far off, are you being chased by a dog or something else again? Do you need me to help you chase it away?" He kindly asked me, who stopped and was currently panting hard.

"I, I'm being chased by a person!" I opened my eyes wide, the ghost had stopped just beside that classmate.

"Person?"

"Right next to you!" I yelled out loud, pointing at the right side of him.

"Next to me?" That classmate turned towards the place I pointed to, with an extremely puzzled look and then he slowly turned his head back to look at me, "Ming Yang, did you see it wrongly? There... is no one next to me?" A completely incomprehensible tone.

"Huh?" 'It's clearly right beside you.'

Just as I was thinking the thing that was chasing me was actually really a ghost and my classmate would naturally not be able to see it, the strange ghost had already stretched out his hands towards me.

I heard the lucky student's voice becoming further and further away, as if we were separated by layers of film.

That face was already stuck right in front of my eyes. Under the black hair, I saw that dead gray eyes staring straight at my eyes, his pupils started enlarging right in front of my eyes.

Then, I saw... There were actually two pupils in each of his eyes!

Damn it he really was a ghost!

"Ming Yang?" That classmate's voice floated over as if we were one galaxy apart.

'Stop calling me! Because I can't really hear you properly!' I wanted to yell out these sentences but, I was completely unable to bring out my voice.

According to manhuas, light novels, television, movies, etcetera, this was definitely the crime scene where one was being possessed by an evil spirit.

I couldn't even move an inch. I could only burst out in cold sweat while staring at the four pupils. What the hell do you want to do?!

"Found you." The mouth of that face that was stuck in front of me, opened and closed while spitting out cold breath and also...

It stinks!

Damn you dead ghost, how long have you not brush your teeth!

"Found you... offspring of the Dark Cult Clan."

\*

I heard a loud scream coming from that classmate, sounding really far away, and the distance between me and the ghost's pupils that was in



front of me, was slowly being pulled apart. To simply put it, I understand I was currently falling down.

That damn four pupil ghost pushed me. I started falling backwards off the bridge while noticing the figure of the ghost and my ex-classmate was gradually getting smaller.

I remembered that the water in the drainage was seriously contaminated and also very smelly. I wondered, if I get sent to the hospital this time, will I be splashed with disinfectant first?

Being very experienced in this, I forcefully closed my eyes, waiting to hit the smelly water and inhale the horrible smell, in addition to getting injuries due to being washed away by the water. I've always been unlucky each and every time...

Just as I felt the pressure of the smelly water floating on top of my head, the surrounding wind seemed to have quieted down.

I knew what was going on, the legendary "many years of my life flashing by" had appeared with a dazzle.

Then I opened my eyes, getting ready to wave to my grandmother, who had passed away a few years back and was always floating on clouds, waving at me, and then we'll start by greeting each other.

A pair of purplish gold-coloured eyes was suddenly reflected in my eyes.

It was a child. A very white and tender little child.

Shortly cut black hair, a very classical facial feature, exquisitely set in that tiny white face. Under his face, he was wearing an Ancient China robe. On the top half, he was wearing a Scholarly robe with long sleeves, and on the bottom half, was similar to an armor Warriors normally wore.

Don't ask me why I knew this. I knew because my grandmother loved opera so I did some reading regarding it.

The child was standing on the wind, while I was awkwardly hanging upside down in the air.

The landscape around us suddenly turned grayish-white in color. Everything in the surrounding had become colorless, even the bridge and my ex-classmate had been drained of their color. They had all become silent and unmoving.

To be truthful, seeing this kind of situation in a manhua didn't give me much of a feeling, but seeing it in real life and seeing a human fading in color was really disgusting to the max.

"I have set a barrier, so don't worry about it." The small child spoke with a milky voice, a very old-fashioned way of speaking, "Please hurry up and get ready to engage with the enemy." Both his hands were hanging at his side, his long sleeves reaching up to his knees, just like the lengthy sleeve of an actress in an opera.

<div style="padding-left: 30px;">[T/N: The way the child said "I" is very archaic. Similar to Middle and Old English: ik, ich, ic, ih.]</div>

I wonder what this child would do when he needs to use his hands.

'Wait a moment! What did he say just awhile back?'

"The enemy has arrived."

'Engage the enemy!?'

I looked up and saw the only thing that didn't fade in color: the evil spirit jumping downwards and rushing directly towards me, "What am I supposed to use to engage the enemy with!?" 'My shoes?'

My whole body, from top to bottom, the only thing lethal was the shoes under my feet, because I could take it off and throw it.

With a boom, the evil spirit had landed on the air-platform we were standing on. I saw the invisible air under our legs vibrating for a moment, almost causing me to fall down.

"This is the Ghost King's underling. Please determine the course of action to engage the enemy." The child, who floating in mid-air, looked at me with purplish-gold colored eyes, "I have already set up a barrier so it wouldn't affect the surrounding people and things, do not worry."

'Then why did you not just isolate yourself with him!' I was screaming inside my mind. 'And what the hell is a Ghost King?!'

Not giving me any time to think, the evil spirit stood right in front of us, using his four pupils to stare at us gloomily. His mouth twisted into a big

smile, a really big smile, because the edge of his mouth was slit opened all the way to the bottom of his ears. Thick black blood flowed out from his opened mouth, the entire space was filled with a foul smell. The smell was worse than the water in the drainage.

The child raised one of his hands, and I saw the phone that was in my care, floating in front of his sleeve. A ringing sound could be heard. The phone actually started to automatically dial by itself!

"Chu Ming Yang doesn't have the ability to fight back. In the midst of dialing for a black robe."

I wasn't really in the mood to find out whether the child had dialed to find someone to have a chat with because the evil spirit's mouth was opened wide, revealing numerous white teeth. With his hands and legs on the ground, he started issuing a whirling and strange panting sounds while staring at me.

It was not a human's posture, it's a bestial action.

"You, you, you, you, you, you—... go away!" My voice was quivering waving my hands. Suddenly, I felt that being bitten by wild dogs was so much better. No matter what, I don't want to be bitten by a wide open-mouthed man.

I absolutely had no idea what was happening at the moment. And here I was thinking that I could live peaceful life in Taipei after returning from school, even for just a short period of time.

However,... What's this thing? It was obviously not a damn human!

"Hu... huhu..." The evil spirit beast man (for now, let's address him as such) was squatting on the floor and issuing a sound similar to a perverted guy who calls during midnight, with all his four pupils were staring at me.

I was very scared.

The child suddenly turned around, and it was obvious he had already finished talking on the phone. The purplish-gold eyes looked a bit weird.

"Readying for ghost swallowing, three, two, one."

I did not have the time to realize what the ghost child was trying to do. In about half a second, I saw something I shouldn't have seen.

"Ma ahhh—!"

That ghost child with purplish-gold eyes suddenly opened his mouth wide, opened, his, mouth, wide. His whole mouth was bigger than the width of the bridge.

I was scared silly, and I believed the evil spirit beast man was also scared silly.

"Swallow." As soon as the command was issued, I witnessed the evil spirit being eaten by the ghost child.

Everything looked so natural.

"AHHHHHHH—!!" I don't want to play any more!

After the ghost child had swallowed the evil spirit, he licked his lips and his mouth turned back to its original size, "Enemy annihilated, removing barrier."

Removing? Wait a minute, the drainage is right below!

At that moment the ghost child disappeared with a pop, like a bubble, right in front of me. It didn't take half a second to immediately prepare myself to fall into the drainage. But the strange thing was, I didn't drop into the drainage with a "plop", lost consciousness, or was sent to the hospital to wake up to a room filled with the smell of disinfectant. I fell onto the ground and I heard the cry of the lucky student from far away.

Opening my eyes, I was surrounded by soft green grass. The place was some distance away from the bridge, somewhere upstream. The place was less smellier and the whole area was covered with grass.

The wind blew, bringing the smell of green grass.

"Was it fun?"

Following the sound, I turned around and looked across. Unsure of when senior arrived, but he was already standing there, waiting for me.

# Chapter 8 : Decision

Location: Taiwan

Time: 6:00 PM

As the sun was setting, the entire area was dyed bright red. I sat on a bench in a park. Although it was a lot safer now, being chased by a ghost and then pushed off the bridge, these incidents caused my hands to shake uncontrollably.

The phone had also unknowingly returned to me.

"Take it." An icy cold beverage can was held at one side of my face. I quickly took it, raised my head and saw senior, who had walked over to the side of the vending machine and bought two cans of fizzy drinks, had already returned.

"That thing from just now..." After I've integrated all the questions in my mind, plus the things I've read from manhua, I came to a conclusion, "This can't be a damn test for new students, right?!" This was the most likely outcome or it would have been impossible for the ghost child to appear at the right time in my neighbourhood, while telling me to engage with the enemy and what not.

"I'm not that bored." Senior, who had opened the can and drank a mouthful, threw a cold remark. His expression also seemed to be rather foul and, he was wearing the long black clothing he was wearing when I first met him at the train station. "Didn't Tong Lang mention that the thing was the Ghost King's underling?"

Oh right, the ghost child seemed to have said something about that evil spirit being some king's underling. I mused over the time when I was being chased by that evil spirit, who was totally ignored, but was elated with his one sided conversation.

"What is a Ghost King?" I only know of a Ghost King Zhong Kui, but I'm not a little ghost, so for what reasons did he have to order his underlings to get me?

[T/N: A figure of Chinese Mythology. Traditionally regarded as a vanquisher of ghosts and evil beings, and reputedly able to command 80,000 demons. - Wikipedia]

"...It's the most powerful ghost."

... I really don't understand the answer senior had given me.

"Really." Senior stood up and threw the emptied beverage can into the recycling bin. The sunset was reflected off his silver hair – a shining bright spot of light. For a moment it felt like his hair was dyed red with blood, so dazzling that it made one feel like it was an evil being, "No matter which world you are from, there will always be spirits, ghosts, demons, devils, etcetera."

"Ah, ah, I understand." Those kinds of big monsters always appear in Manhwa and movies.

"It's also practical if you use those things as a reference. Those things are affected by the region, psionic, ley lines, etcetera. These different



types of factors will cause them to band together, and the leader they revere will be the king or, have some other titles." Senior did not refute my thoughts but gave a little affirmation, "Ghost King is the revered leader of some certain region of dead people. The thing you thought of just now was already a little deified, which is considered as a type of ghost God, but the Ghost King that's after you is not acknowledged... in other words, it's what you guys would call the head of the evil spirits."

I was starting to get a little dizzy listening to senior, but I got a hint of what he was trying to say.

"Also, there are several Ghost Kings, one who was after you earlier was Evil Ghost King, Bishen."

I've never heard of it before.

Lots of questions were flashing through my mind, but the question I currently wanted to ask the most was something else, "So why is the Ghost Whatever King after me?" I remembered the recent most earth-shattering thing that occurred to me was chasing the classroom and the line of corpses, but I've not had any encounter with ghosts.

"... It was attracted to you because of your bad luck."

...

"I'm very sorry. I know I'm very unlucky." It's even worse now, even ghosts wanted come and chase me.

Senior looked at me, "Don't worry, you are not the first one to be chased." He said, "Your life energy was changed because of the school. Your personal ability will slowly be drawn out, so in the future, the rate of these kinds of occurrences would most probably only increase and not decrease."

"Ah?" Would only increase and not decrease?

Ma, ah! Why was it that only I have to experience these things? I just want to be an ordinary person and finish my unlucky person life. Ah, why do I have to start being chased by ghosts?

"Do you really think you can be an ordinary person?" Senior looked at me, his red eyes suddenly turning sharper, "The school definitely did not make any mistake by allowing you to apply into this school. It's only people, with special abilities, are able to apply into our school. Even if you are not going to study at our school now, the ability of yours will still slowly increase with your growth. Being chased by ghosts was something that would have happen in just a matter of time."

I didn't know why but, I think senior seemed to be a little angry. Although he didn't seemed to be very happy the entire time either. I knew he could hear what I was thinking.

The whole area gradually quieted down.

Senior was silent for a long time before he said slowly, "You, will one day understand the meaning of this sentence."

I looked at senior, and the gear of my thoughts started moving faster.

It was exactly like what senior had said. What if by some unlucky chance I really had some unknown ability (and maybe the ability was called Millennium of Bad Luck, or something similar), and even after a period of time, the ghost would still come and chase after me.

I remembered that today, the ghost presumptuously intruded into my house, almost causing my mother to be involved in this. I wasn't too willing. I don't want my family to be involved in this because of this reason.

If I was destined to be unlucky, I would rather be unlucky just by myself, since I'm already used to it. But, if next time a lot of ghosts come rushing into my house, what am I supposed to do?

I looked at senior, there was a determination slowly forming in my mind. They had said earlier that Atlantis was a school to help with the development of special abilities. It was the very same school I was currently registered to study in.

\*

"Hush." Just as I'd wanted to say something after spending a long time thinking, senior suddenly raised his finger to his lips and narrowed his red eyes, "They're here again."

I've still yet to understand what it was that he had said was here.

"There." Senior raised his hand and casually pointed at one direction. I skeptically looked across, and was stunned. Its clone was here, and he even took a whole lot of comrades and covertly came here.

"That, that, that, that—" The nightmare from earlier was back again. Those gray eyes that lingered right in front of my eyes. Even, I, myself, knew I was stuttering very badly, even my breathing had increased in speed.

A group of around a dozen of those gray-eyed beings emerged from the direction of the public toilet. There were males and females, with their mouth were slit open, all the way to the bottom of their ears, and blood was constantly flowing out.

"AAAHHH—!" Toilet ghost!

"Shut up." Senior glared at me fiercely, "Crying out like this just because of a group of lesser underlings. Your favorite Mikayla can cope with a large group of these without uttering a single word of complaint."

That's because you guys are not human!

Thinking of the sweet smiling Miao Miao, I began to tear up. And here I thought I finally met a normal and cute girl, but the "cat" she carries around with her was really humongous!

"You'd better look carefully, this is the method of cleaning up when you encounter these things." With an unchanging expression, senior slightly bend his body, and took out a piece of white paper with the size of a

charm\* from his pocket, where on top was a red marking and some wordings of an unknown alien language, "This is an explosive charm. If you ever choose Charm Arts as an elective course, you will learn how to draw the characters of basic curses."

[T/N: This is what a paper charm looks like: [Image](#)]

I looked at the piece of paper in my hands. I saw some round markings that looked like flames, and in the middle was decorated by some shiny gold-like silk.

If I looked at it in another way, it was fortunate the paper was white instead of yellow, otherwise it would look awfully similar to Joss Paper\*.

[T/N: Also known as ghost money, are sheets of paper and/or paper-crafts made into burnt offerings which are common in various Asian religious practices including the veneration of the deceased on holidays and special occasions. Joss paper, as well as other papier-mâché items, are also burned in various Asian funerals, to ensure that the spirit of the deceased has lots of good things in the afterlife. - Wikipedia]

"Chu, you need to look carefully."

When senior said that, I didn't realize he was calling me. It was only after a few seconds later did I realize he was calling me by my surname. That's right, it seems like most foreigners would directly address others by their surnames.

"Basically, no matter what kind of stuff you want to use, your mind's intention is very important." Senior said something that sounds a lot like a maxim for picking up girls.

"Mind's intention, mind's intention, mind's intention..." I looked at the suspiciously looking joss paper-like charm, the shiny thing on top kept reflecting light, making my eyes hurt.

In fact, I didn't know what was my mind's intention. Truthfully speaking, what I currently want was, for that group of evil spirits that were closing in to immediately disappear.

But it was strange, as there were so many people in the park at this time due to the crowds of nearby people who just got off work or, was coming home from school. Not only were they turning a blind eye towards these evil spirits, even senior, who was such an outstanding person, had stood here for quite some time, however, there were actually no junior or high school girls who came to approach him. This situation was rather unusual.

"Bursting Fire resound with my thoughts, become something to cause the enemies to retreat." Taking out another piece of charm, senior crumpled the paper and held it tightly in his palms after saying a brief incantation.

Wait a moment, in manhuas, didn't those people who wanted to launch some sort of magic, have to read out a freakishly long sentence of some Demonic Sanskrit no one else can understand? Why was senior's incantation so easy and simple?

"I just said it's the mind's intention that's most important, didn't you understand?!" Senior reminded me about the maxim a second time.

The whole area was already surrounded by the group of evil spirits. Don't talk about my mind's intention, I'm currently not even able to produce a fart. A horrible smell was starting to spread out. It can't be that they just climbed out of the toilet bowl from the public toilet?

Smells a bit like stale fish, but also smells disgustingly like meat that's been left alone for a long time, making me a little nauseous.

Just as the first gray eyed female evil spirit opened her hands and tried to grab us, senior's action was many times faster than her, moving his hands, a stream of black light appeared in the dim lighting right in front of my eyes.

The second the sun set, I saw a line appearing from senior's palm. It was a spear\*. Not the one that emits flying bullets with a bang, but the ancient Chinese long spear.

[T/N: In this sentences, the author used the character that can also be a word for "gun".]

On top of the black spear were odd carvings of red and gold patterns. Reflected from the lights of the streetlights, the spear was slightly glowing, as if there were fireflies on top of it.

After the spear drew out a circle, the spear was pointed at the forehead of the gray-eyed female ghost, one inch from penetrating through her head.

"Bursting fire, destroy." Senior's voice was very soft. He chanted an incantation similar to the one he did earlier on, but it was a lot simpler.

Just as senior had finished chanting, the female ghost issued a sharp scream similar to scraping a blackboard with a fingernail.

The sound was extremely loud, causing my eardrums to almost explode. I couldn't stand the sound so I immediately covered my ears.

The gray eyed female evil spirit shook twice, and right in front of me... she suddenly just blew up into pieces. The already purplish black, rancid, and pale internal organs, were splashed all over the other ghosts who were right behind her. Senior, who quickly avoided the pieces of internal organs, had already rushed towards another one.

It was then when I understood the meaning of the word 'explosive charm'.

But if we were to explode the ghosts, why couldn't we just use a massive bomb and completely destroy the whole group? Wasn't it such a waste of time to kill them off one by one? If it's a bomb, it would be so much faster.

While I was thinking so, the one, who had wiped out almost half of the group of evil spirits, suddenly turned around and directly made an eye contact with me.

Then he looked downwards. I also looked downwards.

There was an unknown sizzling sound.



"Whoahh—!" I shouted.

"You idiot!" Senior roared angrily.

"A bomb, a bomb, a bomb!" I jumped up from the chair. While holding onto a black basketball-sized bomb that had mysteriously appeared, I started running to and fro.

That's right, it is exactly what you are thinking of right now. The black rounded brand that always appears in cartoons and manhwas, with the top connected to a rapidly burning fuse.

"Gonna burst, gonna burst, gonna burst!" I started running in circles. Suddenly, I thought that what I should do now, was to throw the bomb towards the ghosts, and as a result, they will explode into pieces. So, I threw the bomb away.

Thunk

There was a really heavy sound.

"I'm so going to kill you!" Senior yelled. Staring at the bomb, it had rolled and stopped right next to his feet.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I didn't do it on purpose." It's because you were standing right in the middle of the ghosts. I held onto my head and cried out madly. I then stared at the fuse. It had burned until there was only three centimeters left. I thought senior would use the black spear in his hands to stab my head.

Just when there was only two centimeters left of the fuse, senior pierced the closest evil ghost with one shot and he broke away from the big group and rushed towards me. Without saying a word, he forcefully dragged me by my hand and ran really quickly.

He must be a pro athlete! Not only did he know air surfing, his ability to run was also exceptional. I was being dragged by a person who ran at a speed of 100 meters in five seconds. In a blink of an eye, I had arrived at the side of an elephant slide, which was quite a distance away.

"Get in!" Senior kicked me to get inside the slide; the empty hole of the elephant's stomach, and then followed me in.

To be truthful, the elephant's stomach was rather small, due to it being made for children to play in, so the two of us had to bend down while crouching inside.

Just as I was trying to stabilize my breathing, a huge explosion echoed from outside.

The sound was similar to a gas explosion.

When I heard the explosion, my ears started to hurt; there was ringing in my ears, prevented me from hearing anything else.

The big elephant was shaking. In our little hiding space, grains of sand were continuously falling onto our head.

Senior quickly took off his black robe and used some unknown method to fix the four corners, sealing off the entrance to the elephant's stomach. I vaguely saw something hitting the clothing, but I was unable to hear the pounding sound. Then there was the smell of gunpowder and the smell of rotten meat.

The entire small space was filled with darkness, only the light coming from outside was through the slits, giving off a faint light.

After a few seconds had passed, the sound and vibration came to a halt. I felt a little dizzy, my eyesight was blurry and my ears seemed like it was rearing bees inside.

After a long while, senior pulled down his clothes, without wearing it, he hung it on his arm and then he went out of the elephant's stomach. When I had determined the dizziness I felt had passed, I followed senior and crawled out.

And then... I was stunned.

"This can't be true..." I stared with my eyes wide opened, the place where we were previously drinking our beverage had been blasted into a big crater. The park's water dispenser and public toilet were damaged and were currently squirting out water. The hole was then quickly filled and turned into a small pool. However, there were some unknown eyeballs and internal organs rolling around inside the small pool.

The first thought that came to my mind was: the government would not come to find me and ask me to pay for compensation,... right?

Senior turned around to face me, "You idiot, you idiot, you idiot!" He forcefully grabbed me by my collar and started shaking me!

"I didn't do it on purpose, I didn't do it on purpose!" I almost rolled my eyes upwards and started yelling madly.

How was I suppose to know that the explosive charm will turn into a bomb? I really thought it can only turn into a spear! Woo, woo. Even I, myself, now felt like an utter idiot, blowing up a quarter of the park.

After a few seconds, senior seemed to have had enough of strangling me, threw me to one side, took out a cell phone from his pocket, and dialed a set of numbers, "Tyre, there's an accident at my location... caused by that idiot. Check my current location and send a group of people here to deal with it."

I heard a rather familiar name, but all of a sudden, I couldn't remember of who it was. After senior hung up the phone, I immediately jumped away, very afraid that he would continue to strangle me.

"Let's go." Unexpectedly, he calmly said two words directed at me.

"Ah?" Usually the more calm a person was, the more terrifying he will be when he freaks out.

"Unless, you want to stay here to be admired!" This time, senior's words were added with a sense of him gritting his teeth.

"Of course not." After being reminded, I started to notice that the

surrounding area had already started to stir up due to the explosion. A large crowd had already gathered at the perimeter of the park; there were black shadowy figures were moving around. It should only take about a few seconds for the crowds to reach this place.

"Then hurry up and go." Senior, who was clearly very experienced in this, started to move to the direction where crowds had yet to gather. I hastened to keep up with his rather fast walking pace.

As soon as we stepped out of the park, sirens resounded in the air and about a dozen police cars had appeared, surrounding the park and drew out the yellow line, and then with the fire brigade and the ambulance following at the rear, cutting off the crowds.

I was a little surprised, this time the police was actually dispatched so quickly. Was it usually like this?

\*

On the way, senior did not say a word. However, I knew he was very angry.

A normal person would definitely have strangled me to death in anger, so I believe he was considered to be very merciful. I wanted to apologize but, I was also very scared.

"What is this?" The person in front suddenly halted in his tracks, and I immediately hit the brakes, to prevent me from crashing behind him. After the shock came doubt. I followed senior's line of sight and looked

across. Nearby, I saw a small booth with a small red bean biscuit sign on the top. In the past, the price was only three for \$10 NT (~\$0.33 USD). But not that the price of the ingredients had increased, it was currently priced at three for \$20 NT (~\$0.67 USD).

"It's red bean biscuits, it's a type of food which has red beans wrapped inside. There are also green beans, taro, radish, cabbage and what not, wrapped inside. This store's is quite delicious." It's just so happen that this road was the one I had to pass by to get to and fro from school. There was a time when I was feeling hungry after coming back from classes, my mother would always give me some pocket money to buy a few back as desert. So I was rather familiar with the boss.

"Senior, do you want to try some?" That's strange, Senior haven't eaten red bean biscuits before? Even if it's in other countries, this kind of food should be available almost everywhere, right?

Senior stared at me and then he shook his head, his silver hair swayed like the waves, "I still have work later on, so I can't eat."

"Work?" Senior is doing some part time job? But why can't he eat because of the part time job?

"Atlantis allows students to accept job requests, ranging from White Robes, Purple Robes, and Black Robes, these three ranks. For you, who is currently not even a white robe, is a far cry from accepting solo jobs." Senior retracted his sight and turned to look at me, continuing, "Our job scope is, of course, to deal with issues humans could not handle by themselves."

I understand. It should be similar to things drawn in manhuas where they slay demons.

"It's not slaying demons." Senior didn't even take one second to overthrow my thoughts, "For example, the job I'm going to later, is a job regarding a dryad and was entrusted to me by a demon cat. Our job scope is so wide, you wouldn't be able to imagine it." He raised the edge of his lips, and smiled coldly.

It's currently very unimaginable for me already, so I'm not going to speculate how wide the range was.

"But just now, the case of being chased by evil spirits was not an official mission. The Ghost Kings' underlings had always been a very troublesome problem. So I think the school should be sending you a reward." Senior took out his cell phone, and used the pen inside to touch the top of the touch screen, writing something and then sent it, "If you ever encounter this again, Tong Lang will assist you. That's the child who ate the ghost earlier. You just have to tell him to eat it."

That ghost child? I shivered, was a little scared.

"So that's it, I'm very busy. Goodbye." After putting his phone away, senior waved at me.

I immediately snapped out of my trance, only to find I was already standing in front of my house, "Senior!" Looking at his departing back, I gathered my courage and called out to him.

Senior turned around, his facial expression seemed to be saying "What else do you want?".

"I'm sorry for causing you so much trouble today, and also, I'll see you when school starts!" I think I can already accept the fact that I'm going to study at Atlantis Academy.

As usual, bringing out his cold smile, senior snorted and smiled. "Idiot."

Within the next second, his figure dispersed along with the wind, as if he had never been here at all.

With a relaxed feeling, as if my heart had finally let go of something, I started humming as I walked into the house.

Opening the door, my mother was standing at the entrance looking at me. "Yang Yang, where's the salt?"

... I'm doomed.



# Chapter 9 : The Holiday before School Starts

Location: Taiwan

Time: 8:15 AM

A few days had passed since the day senior came. There are still three days left before school starts. Just as I was intending to use this time to sort out my feelings, to match it with the day I'll be starting school, an unexpected visitor came to my house.

"Yang Yang, Yang Yang, let's go out and have fun!" From outside the window, came a girl's yell, giving off a very pure and sweet kind of feeling.

At that time, I was currently eating my breakfast in the kitchen on the first floor. As soon as my mother heard a girl's voice calling my name, she immediately rushed towards the porch. In my whole life, up until today, there has never been a time where a girl would come over to my house. The girls in my class thought that being in contact with me would cause them to get infected by my unluckiness, so I only have a few male friends.

Thus, I can definitely understand why my mother immediately headed outside.

However, the problem does not lie here, "What are you trying to do!" I immediately followed her out. Before my mom's loud voice could attract our neighbor's attention, I reached the door a step earlier than her.

My mother had been very troubled for a really long time by the fact that no girls would come to find me. She had always been proud to say that my sis was always hot in demand and was pursued since kindergarten until now. However when it came to me, for some unknown reason, I was like an unmarketable good, so she felt very unbalanced.

"I'm helping you to open the door for your friend." My mother stated as a matter of fact.

"No thanks, I can open it by myself." Who knows if my mother rushes out, her first sentence might be a background check.

"You still haven't finished your breakfast, go away and eat!" My mother was obviously very persistent.

"Didn't you just mention you wanted to make apple pie? Quickly go and bake your pie." I was even more persistent than her.

Both mom and son were in a deadlock.

"Yang Yang, come out and have fun!" The girl outside shouted again one more time.

My mother finally decided to take out her dignity as a mother, "Open the door or I'm going to beat you up and then feed you rubbish for three meals."

A very severe threat.

Submitting towards the excessive power, I can only unwillingly open the door.

A cute girl really was standing outside; wearing a white dress with blue floral patterns, some slightly curled blonde hair which was tied up on both sides of her head, looking just like a little princess.

The most eye catching part was her facial features, which were more partial towards a Westerner.

"Miao Miao, why are you here?" Totally surprised, I never thought Miao Miao would come to my house, stand in front of it, shouting for me to go out and have fun.

"There's no work today, so I came to find Yang Yang to go out and have fun." Miao Miao ignored my shocked expression, smiling sweetly, "Hello, Chu-mama." She noticed my dumbfounded mother who was standing behind me, and bowed politely.

My mother immediately came back to her senses, "Whoa whoa, such a cute girl. Little girl, what's your name? You're our Yang Yang's classmate?" She patted my back twice and smiled generously while she greeted Miao Miao.

"I'm Mikayla, I'm Yang Yang's classmate starting this year." Miao Miao lifted her hand and, there was a beautifully packaged fruit basket hanging on her arm, "This is something Mikayla's family produced, hopefully Chu-mama will like it." She passed an expensive basket, filled to the brim with cherries, to my LaoMa.

I saw it, very expensive imported cherries.

"This is too expensive. Chu-mama cannot accept this. Little La, take it back and eat it yourself." My mother's form of addressing her, immediately jumped up three by levels, as though she was already familiar with Miao Miao.

Then, I was treated as air and was forgotten at the side.

"This is a product of Mikayla's family. When I was going out, my Papa said I definitely must give this to you, so it's okay, please accept this, Chu-mama." Miao Miao was still smiling sweetly.

"Then Chu-mama will accept this." My mother was also rather embarrassed as she kept rejecting the offer and it was rather rude, so she finally accepted the fruit basket, "Yang Yang is still eating his breakfast. Little La have you eaten? Come in and have a seat first."

"Okay."

Hey, hey, what about my opinion?

Looking at my mother and Miao Miao, who were happily chatting while going into the house, I, who was treated like air, had three black lines sliding down my face. I had a premonition that I probably won't be able to have a peaceful day today.

At around nine or so, I finished my breakfast, changed my clothes, after which, I was then unknowingly and innocently cast out of the house by my mother. And following beside me was one Miao Miao.

"Since you are here to find me, is there anything I can do for you?" After crossing the road headed towards the city, both of us were walking behind the other. The park, where the explosion occurred a few days ago all thanks to the explosive charm, was still being repaired. However, the speed it was being restored was unexpectedly fast and, it was already starting to look like its original state.

"Yes, Miao Miao doesn't have work today, so I came to find you and go out to play." Still with her sweet smile, she took out two tickets from her little backpack and waved it around, "They're complimentary tickets, so let's go for a movie, and senior Geng is also waiting for us there, oh."

Senior Geng was the beautiful girl who jumped from the train platform on the first day.

"Senior Geng is here, too?" But why would senior Geng be there? I don't have a deep friendship with her, and in fact it's the same with Miao Miao, too. So I was really surprised when she appeared in front of my house.

"Nn, GengGeng said Senior asked her to pass something to you. It was perfect timing that we are free today, so we came to watch movies together with you." Miao Miao smiled while as she answered, "There's an adventure movie just released, we saw the trailer earlier, and it looks nice, so we can go and watch it. Unfortunately Senior didn't come, I've heard

Senior likes this kind of movie."

It's hard to imagine Senior would like adventure movies. I thought that he would prefer bloody movies, not that I'm absolutely confident with my guess. It was more of an intuition.

"Is your family really selling cherries?" I was feeling rather skeptical about the expensive gift from Miao Miao just awhile back.

Sure enough, Miao Miao shook her head, "Our family is a family with an ancient ability."

According to manhuas, it should be in the category of some strange hereditary job, "I'm sorry you need to spend so much." No matter how I look at it, the basket should cost about a few thousand dollars (at least \$60 USD), and for me, the amount was not considered small at all.

"No, there's no need. I didn't spend any money on it at all." Miao Miao revealed a smile, "Our family has a collateral family, who are doing normal jobs. The basket from earlier was brought over from a house of a relative, for free, so I actually did a good deed with someone else's product."

...

I suddenly felt Miao Miao was a daughter of some very wealthy family.

The city wasn't too far away from my house. From the destroyed park, it only takes fifteen minutes to reach the city. Normally I would ride my

bike to the city for a stroll, but since Miao Miao was with me today, I couldn't ride my bike. While the two of us walked and talked, it made the distance feel less than it actually was.

"GengGeng has already arrived."

Since today wasn't a holiday and it was still rather early, there wasn't much of a crowd in the city. However, it would start to get crowded after noon.

Miao Miao waved at a dark shadow, who was at the other end of the road, under the signboard of the cinema. The other person made the same action.

After the both of us crossed the road, senior Geng, who was full of smiles, was already standing there waiting for us. Today senior was wearing a set of tight black clothing, looking superbly elegant. There were several working people taking a peek at her as they passed by.

"Yang Yang, morning." Geng smiled at me.

"Senior, morning." I immediately responded, looking at senior and then at the schedule for the movie, "Are you guys planning to watch another movie today?" I felt rather embarrassed, as this was the first time I was going out alone with girls who were not part of my family, and also with two of them at the same time. One was a temperamental beauty, while the other one was a sweet little princess. I think all the boys passing by wanted to use their line of sight to stab me to death.

"Nope. It's just that I have not been here for quite some time, and felt like it had changed." Saying so, Geng then took out a small envelope from her sling bag and passed it to me, "This is the thing your senior asked me to pass to you."

I took the white envelope, which looked a lot like the one used at a funeral. I opened it and looked inside &mdash; there was two pieces of paper. I took it out and my eyes widened, "This is..."

One of the papers was a bill and another one was an international check.

"We've heard from Tyre that Yang Yang blasted the park. So one is for the expenses for the maintenance done by the school for the destroyed park, and the other one is the payment for the ghosts Yang Yang got rid of." Miao Miao moved closer to my side and said, "Although it's not a lot of money, this should be the payment for your first mission. That's amazing." She said while clapping her hands.

Not a lot of money?

The screaming statue inside my heart appeared once again.

Oh god oh god, not a lot of money!?

The top of the bill was covered with the school's emblem and was filled with a ten in front of a ten thousand\*, which can cause one to feel dizzy. However, the check, which can immediately be cashed in, was unexpectedly also filled with an astronomical ten in front of a ten



thousand.

<div style="padding-left: 30px;">[T/N: A hundred thousand and more. Approximately ~\$3,350+ USD]</div>

I was feeling a little faint. Wait a moment! I finally understand! In fact these two are fake pieces of papers right!?

"After paying for the cost of the bill, there should still be a few ten thousands left (~\$350+ USD). " Geng quickly glanced at the figures on top and then helped me to calculate, "This time the cost of the bill is rather low. The other time Miao Miao blasted some historical site, and as a result, a huge effort was spent on restoring the historical site into its original appearance without anyone noticing and, was also asked to pay a huge amount of money."

"GengGeng was also asked for payment before." Miao Miao and her senior started counting their tabs.

You guys are trying to tell me that my bill is actually very low right? For a normal person like me who doesn't use much money, I can't understand their strange concept of money.

"Yang Yang, you must thank your senior." I don't know why but Geng suddenly said that, looked at me, and smiled. It was obvious she was not going to continue her sentence.

Thank senior? Ah, I know, I'd caused a lot of trouble for him. After school starts, I'll go and thank him, and then buy something for him to eat...

Just as I was thinking of what to buy for senior, Miao Miao's attention was attracted by something. She kept staring at a certain place nearby.

There was a small street vendor which had already been set up although it wasn't noon yet.

Nowadays, the city would usually only start to have people bustling around after eleven o'clock. So I felt rather strange to see such a thing appearing at the empty and cold sidewalk.

It was a booth full of jewelry that most girls would love. They were shining and glittering under the sun.

\*

That adventure movie took two and a half hour to finish. When the three of us came out, our hands were still holding onto our unfinished coke and popcorn. Miao Miao's eyes were red because the supporting character she just liked in the movie, was assassinated by the enemy in the end. So she was mourning.

"When the DVD is out, I want to buy it and watch again." Miao Miao said while sniffing, "That hateful villain. If I ever saw her on the street, I'll beat her up."

It should be really difficult to meet her in the street right?

However, I was a little scared, scared of seeing a horrible news headline such as "A famous movie star was beaten up by a giant cat at midnight" a

few days later because I'm absolutely sure Miao Miao had the ability to do such earth-shaking thing.

"Dong died so horribly." Miao Miao grabbed onto Geng's hand, only to repeat the same sentence for the umpteenth time.

Incidentally, Dong was the supporting actor from the adventure movie we just watched, and he kicked the bucket in the end.

"The stall from earlier is still there." Geng looked at the other side of the street; I followed her line of sight and the stall she mentioned, was the small jewelry vendor on the sidewalk, "Let's go and take a look."

"Yes, let's go." Miao Miao immediately threw the supporting actor, Dong, in the back of her mind, held onto Geng's hand, and smiled.

Accepting my fate, I could only silently follow them across.

It was a jewelry booth, filled with many products that were currently very popular. For example: silver, traditional style, leather, and etcetera. The small booth had almost everything, everything that should be available were all being sold there.

The vendor greeted them, "Dear ladies, take your time and have a look."

For some reason, both Geng and Miao Miao didn't reply immediately. Both of them were staring at the exact same thing &mdash; a necklace.

A traditional styled necklace, which depicted the moon &mdash; the small crescent shaped colored stone was neatly trimmed, just as if the moon was quietly brushing against the ground.

"GengGeng, this..." as if she was asking, Miao Miao looked at her senior, "Want to get it?"

I didn't understand why Miao Miao asked in this method. If she liked the necklace, buying it should be fine, right?

Noticing there were two customers who were interested in buying his wares, the hawker immediately put down his cup of red tea and went to greet them, "Beautiful miss have such good eyes. This necklace is something I've brought back from overseas not too long ago. It is a limited edition, handmade by the natives, there is no one who would have the same ornament. Today I've not yet started my business, if two pretty miss have something you like, just name the price, I will try my best to accept it." Keeping his smiling face, he then took down the necklace hanging on the box so Miao Miao can have a better look, "Want to try putting it on, there is a mirror over here."

Miao Miao held onto the necklace, and suddenly looked at me, "Yang Yang, do you think this looks nice?" She took the necklace and placed it in front of me, so I could have a better look, but it didn't seem like she's planning to wear it.

I inspected the necklace.

Oddly enough, although the work done on the necklace was very refined, for some reason, I vaguely felt something was a little weird, as

though something, somewhere, was not right.

"Want to take a look at the other products?" I looked around for a bit and saw another moon-like jewelry with an almost similar design of on the table, "I think this one looks better."

Both were the same moon-like jewelry, but this one was a bracelet, made with leather where the middle was a moon-shaped charm, giving off a feeling as if though had its own personality.

Geng and Miao Miao looked across.

"Indeed, this one definitely looks better." Geng suddenly smiled. She picked up the bracelet and said, "Miao Miao, don't buy that necklace."

In fact, this should be considered as a normal dialogue of girls shopping. However, for some reason, I vaguely felt there were some hidden meanings behind their words. What were they secretly conveying to each other?

Miao Miao passed the necklace back to the vendor, "Then we'll buy the other one." She seemed very happy for some reason, "Sure enough, Yang Yang have a very good insight."

What? My face was full of confusion.

Suddenly, something shining brightly at the right hand corner caught my attention, I turned and looked at that direction. The innermost box was a leather necklace buried in a very inconspicuous place; the plate

hanging at the top. Nowadays, there were many people who would wear this kind of thing. My mother even called it a dog collar.

The surface of the plate was bright silver. At the corner, was a cluster of flames &mdash; silver flames.

This made me involuntarily think of one person. When I came to my senses, I had already picked up the necklace.

"Brother, you like this one? That necklace has already been here for a long time. If you like it I'll just sell it to you at a loss!" The vendor immediately came next to me and said.

My instinct was telling me to buy this. This feeling made me rather surprised, because I'm not someone who would buy this kind of trinkets, "Alright then, I'll get this one."

"This is a pure silver plate, since you have such fate with it, I'll sell it to you for a thousand and eight hundred (~\$60 USD)."

"Ah!?" That's damn expensive! I thought it would be only around a hundred and fifty.

Geng took the necklace from my hand and looked at it, "It is indeed pure silver." She looked like she knew how to do some appraisal, and then she promptly passed the chain back to me.

Since she already said that, I could only dig out my flat wallet and bitterly took out two pieces of a thousand dollar bills (~\$34 USD) that I

saved from my New Year's money and gave it to the boss.

"Then I'll get this one." Miao Miao didn't even ask for the price. She just held onto the moon-like bracelet and took out a few pieces of thousand dollar bills.

The boss was surprised to see the money Miao Miao took out, "That's the exact amount, pretty miss. You're really good at pricing."

Miao Miao only smiled and then she winked at me.

\*

"Yang Yang, on what basis did you decide on when choosing that necklace?"

When we left the city, Geng chose a Chinese-styled tea-house for us to sit down and rest.

"Huh? What do you mean?" Buying stuff would also need a basis? Isn't it just because it looked nice that's why I bought it?

Miao Miao and Geng exchanged a look and then both of them smiled.

"The things in that shop all had rather strong obsessions." Miao Miao said, while playing with the delicate teacup, "Me and GengGeng were guessing the boss personally went around to many places to get the stock, but for some reason, the items were not so good."

I didn't quite understand what they were trying to say. Wasn't it just buying something because it looked pleasing to the eyes?

"Ugh... won't going around and buying stuff at different places will present more characteristics?" Nowadays, such small items were usually bought in quantity from wholesalers, so wasn't finding items at different places more popular?

"It is not wrong to say that." Geng smiled slightly, putting down the cup in her hands, "But while picking those things, the thoughts, obsession were attached on it, are very important things we need to take note of, after all, the place we are in is not the human world. So even if it's a small little thing, there will be some side-effects."

Not the human world. My ears selectively accepted this sentence. I knew it, the school was definitely not for humans to study in!

"Miao Miao noticed most of the things being sold there were handmade, and it's handmade items that are most likely to cause problems." Completely unaware of the storm and heavy rain were currently occurring inside my head, Miao Miao poke at a piece of sticky rice (mochi) and popped it into her mouth, "But the thing Yang Yang chose was really good, Yang Yang has a really good insight."

Good insight?

"When school starts, you will learn things relevant to this, after all even now, Insight is considered as an important lesson. Even your senior also selected this as an elective." Pausing for a while, Geng said, "Yang Yang



just needs to keep your instinct intact, I believe your insight will certainly become one of the best."

She had too much of a confidence in me. If my insight was really good, then, in the first place, I wouldn't have chosen a spoilt lunchbox, and then was thrown into a school not for humans to study in. I sincerely thought so.

Just as Geng wanted to continue saying something, there was a sound coming from her bag. She then smiled apologetically, took her cell phone, and headed outside.

"Seems like Geng Geng's job is here." Miao Miao told me.

Sure enough, after Geng finished talking on the phone, she came back and embarrassedly smiled at us, "I received an urgent job, I have to go first. Yang Yang thanks for accompanying us for a walk today."

"Ah, you're welcome." I smiled back. Actually, today we only went for movies, and it was quite pleasant too.

"Miao Miao has a date tonight, too. Thank you Yang Yang." With a polite bow, Miao Miao smiled cutely, "Yang Yang, see you again when school start."

I was stunned for a moment, and then I immediately replied, "Right, see you when school starts."

Geng, who had left first, already paid for us and hurriedly disappeared.

I suddenly felt the reason Geng and Miao Miao came to look for me today wasn't to improve our student relationship.

Could it be they already knew that I originally didn't want to go?

"Yang Yang must come to school, oh." Miao Miao waved at me, "Let's have fun again together."

Miao Miao then also disappeared at the shop's door.

# Chapter 10 : The Moon and Determination

Location: Taiwan

Time: Half past one in the afternoon.

In the end, should I attend that school?

Looking at the crowd of people, one question repeatedly appeared in my head. Although I couldn't bring out my courage, I have to enter that school. I knew the school may have the answers to my questions, and I also knew the school was not as terrible as I had imagined, but whenever I remember the confusion from what I saw the other day; I had a feeling of wanting to retreat.

The glass of the store next to me reflected the midday sun, shining with a very harsh glare.

I was suddenly very mindful of the moon-like jewelry. Quoting a line that often appears in Manhuas, it was full of evil energy, overall it gave a very demonic feeling. Other than that, there was no other way to describe it.

I'd unconsciously walked back to the area nearby the street vendor, considering this situation; I suspected I had already been played by a ghost.

"What are you doing here?" Someone suddenly hit my back viciously, almost scaring me into screaming out loud. Please do not simply call someone who was currently wondering if he was being played by a ghost, it's so horrifying.

"Mom said you went out with your friend. Where is your friend?"

Unknown to why this person appeared here, Chu Ming Yue crossed her arms and stared at me, still with an enigmatic expression. Honestly, I felt she was more and more similar to senior in certain areas. Not the look, it's the feeling they exude that was very similar. They might be the same type of person; they would most probably get along quite well.

"Just left, what are you doing here?" I looked left and right to determine my sis was by herself.

"Came out to shop with my friend, she went to buy something." Ming Yue turned her head to one side and nodded. I followed the direction of her gesture and looked across. At the roadside, there was an ice cream shop and inside there was a person waving at her. It's a girl I'd never seen before; she should be a student from her university right?

"She said she has never shopped in the city before, so I accompanied her for a walk. You want to go back now?" Passing the dessert box in her hands to me, it was most likely given to her by some unknown person again. This time it's a famous dessert pie.

Do I want to go back now?

In fact, I was already planning to go home but for some reason I walked back here instead.

Before I got the chance to answer, the girl from the ice cream store had already came out carrying her things, "Little Yue, this is your...?"

"My little brother." Ming Yue told her.

She turned her head towards me and nodded slightly, and I politely greeted her. "Your brother looks similar to you." My sister's friend said, but it sounded more like a compliment. The thing that distraught our mother the most was that I was nothing like my sis.

"Nn." Chu Ming Yue did not refute her words, "He is Chu Ming Yang, I did mention a little about him to you before."

"So he is the one you mentioned before." The girl smiled at me, and I suddenly realized there was something that didn't look the same. Just like the Miao Miao I know, she was also a foreigner, but her features were that of an Asian, hair colour was brown, eyes were blue in colour, giving off a sense of the sea, "Hello, Little Yue's little brother. I'm Little Yue's schoolmate, my name is Cynthia Edward."

Foreigner?

I don't know if it's because I'd seen Miao Miao and the others before, I actually did not have any extraordinary feelings towards this meeting, "Uh, I'm Chu Ming Yang, hello." Although my sis had already introduced me, I still felt it was better to repeat it once again.

Cynthia gave me a similar feeling as Geng, but I couldn't point out which part was similar. It was probably because they were of the same type of people, like the elder sister next door kind of feeling.

When did my sis have this kind of schoolmate? Question. I've never seen this type of person before; could it be she was a transfer student?

"Well, this is for you, Yang Yang." Passing an extra-large tube of ice cream, she smiled and said, "I guessed it's someone Little Yue knows, so I bought an extra one."

Taking the tube of ice cream, sure enough both my sis and her hands were holding onto one of tube each.

"You might want to wait for us for a while if you aren't going home soon. We'll be heading back after buying some stuff." Chu Ming Yue said

while looking at me.

Buying some stuff?

"Won't take too long." Cynthia smiled as she told me.

Both of them were now looking at the same place, which was the moon-like jewelry stall from just now.

<p style="text-align: center;"> \*</p>

"Welcome ladies..."

As soon as the hawker saw me, he immediately broke off his greetings with a look as if he had just seen a ghost, "Brother, you..."

I know he wanted to say 'you are really good, consorting with four different girls in one day'; "This is my sister." I snapped before he can continue his sentence. Regarding going out with my sis, it was often said we were like "beauty and the beast"; I was pretty used to it already.

"Ah, oh, I'm so sorry, it's because you guys look totally different." He said something which caused a prick to my heart, "Ladies, do take a look, and do tell if there is anything you like, I can give you a discount."

There were some small changes in the small stall, the position of the things was a little different compared to earlier, and maybe some things were added in here causing the placement to change.

Cynthia did not make a thorough selection, and promptly took out a necklace from inside, and it just so happened to be the necklace Miao Miao didn't buy, the moon-like necklace which gave me a rather strange feeling, "Little Yue, look at this." She placed the necklace in front of my sis, the twinkling accessory was so glaring that my eyes started to hurt a little.

The necklace gave me a rather bad feeling, the same as before.

My sis narrowed her eyes to have a better look, "Not really good, I guess we should buy it?" Her sentence was rather contradictory, why does she want to buy something that's not good?

"But it's still not up to the level of needing to retrieve it." Cynthia said while frowning.

Retrieve? I heard a very enigmatic word... Wait a moment; can be that Cynthia was the creator of this thing?

I heard the things in this shop are all handmade, maybe it was really her creation, and the boss bought it from her. If it's like this then it's reasonable, else I really can't understand why anyone would buy something bad.

"If you like it, I can give you a twenty percent discount. And oh, this is something I chose and bought from abroad, so you won't be able to find the same thing in this country, definitely won't have someone with the same design." Noticing both of his customers were hesitating, the hawker immediately came forward and started his recommendation, "This year traditional style is popular, this necklace has its own characteristic that can be matched with other clothes and is suitable to be worn in any occasion."

"Let us look for a little while longer, thank you." One sentence from my sister made the hawker shut up, in fact it should be said that her imposing manner caused the hawker to be afraid of disturbing her. There was a vague feeling of "do not randomly harass or you might be XXX-ed".

Cynthia picked up the necklace again and looked at it for a long time, "Alright then, I'll take this one." Then she passed a thousand dollar bill to

the hawker.

The hawker immediately smiled widely while he packaged up the item and then he took out the change.

In fact, I'd always felt that my sister was very strong in certain areas. If I could feel the necklace had a bad feeling, how can it be that she wouldn't know about it?

Taking the necklace box and putting it inside her bag, Cynthia and my sis exchanged a look, "Let's go."

They're leaving, were they going home?

Just as we were going to head home, a sudden burst of commotion came from the other end of the street. There were several people shouting accompanied by a very loud sound. It sounded like the noise of a locomotive.

But this should be the side-walk right? This is the side-walk!

"Yang Yang what are you daydreaming for!" Just as I heard this sentence, I felt my hand being forcefully grabbed by someone from behind, and then I felt my entire self being dragged backwards.

Screams came from the side-walk and the two scooters rushed towards this direction one after another, the pedestrians quickly ran to avoid the scooter. Before I had the chance to cry out, Cynthia, who was closer to the path, screamed. The rider on the back-seat of the scooter in front suddenly grabbed onto her backpack, and the rider of the back-seat of the scooter behind pushed her onto the ground.

"Robbery!" A female stranger at the side-walk screamed, several boys wanted to rush forward to block them, but the locomotive immediately turned, rushed out of the side-walk, and accelerated to the road, speeding



away.

"Are you alright?" Ming Yue let go of my hand and then crouched down to help Cynthia up.

I wasn't sure if I was imagining things, but they didn't seem to really care about being robbed at all; they were not even a little alarmed.

Could it be that the bag was actually empty?

That's not right. I remembered seeing her put her purse and necklace into her bag.

"No problem; just hurt my hand a little." Cynthia brushed off the dust on her clothes, reddish abrasions appeared on her elbow, "Ugh, these are my new clothes! I specifically bought it to come here to play."

Is that the problem?

"Let's inform the police first?" When I remembered the bag that was snatched away had money and things inside, my first thought was to report to the police first, and maybe they might get lucky if they were able to intercept the locomotive and retrieve the items.

"Ah, there's nothing important inside, so it doesn't matter." Smiling at me Cynthia said, what I'd speculated just now was right, "If the thing is destined to come back, it'll come back. Else if we need to spend so much effort to get it back, it'll be really embarrassing."

Basically, if everyone had the same thoughts, I think the robbers would become filthy rich pretty fast.

"Don't worry, Little Yue will help me to get it back." Cynthia smiled too purely, and she seemed to be talking about...

"Sis, you installed an automatic search radar?" Getting it back by herself...

The answer my sis gave was a ferocious elbowing, in less than half a second I felt like I was being hit by a bear, immediate severe pain settled in and my mind started turning black, as if I was entering heaven.

Hey! I'm your little brother, you know!

<p style="text-align: center;"> \*</p>

In less than two minutes, we were surrounded by a group of people... correction, I wasn't included inside.

The two women were surrounded by a bunch of men. I'm very familiar with this scene, it was called gallantry. If it was a swollen faced and ugly girl who was robbed, I believe there wouldn't even be half a person who would care about her, right?

"Ladies, are you both alright, do you want to have some drink nearby to lessen the shock...?" What I heard were practically this sort of lines.

Ten seconds later – "I'm sick of this, all of you get lost!" My sister's impatient and tough refusal rang out, "Otherwise I'll slaughter the whole lot of you!"

The circular group immediately quieted down, terrified by the violent momentum, I saw the insensitive pile of people slowly opening up a path, my sis and a baffled Cynthia naturally walked out, "Why are you standing there for, get moving!" She stepped on my foot and walked away by herself.

"It hurts!" And you are wearing high heels! I was hopping while I quickly followed up.

"Nonsense, if it doesn't hurt I wouldn't have stepped on you." Ming Yue rolled her eyes.

That's not the problem, bastard!

"Little Yue, I need to go back already." After stopping at the corner, Cynthia said as she took out a phone from her pocket and looked at the time on top, "And Yang Yang, its nice meeting you, today was really fun, let's go out shopping together again next time."

Her phone's style looked very familiar; it was this year's most popular Korean phone.

<em>'Because I have a similar one.'</em>

So to say, was it fun to buy just one item? And she was also robbed not too long ago, what a weirdo.

"Alright, goodbye."

My sister finished her monotonous greeting and Cynthia soon disappeared at one corner of the street.

This manner of quick coming and going was very similar to someone.

"Let's go."

"Ah?" That sudden sentence made me confuse, or else where do you want to go?

"We'll go and get Cynthia's bag back." My sis crossed her hands and headed the opposite direction of our house.

Get it back? It has appeared! That terrifying physic power!

In fact, compared to me, my sister should be even more suited to attend that weird school! She'll definitely adapt well in there. She will one day dominate the school and become a super devil or what-not.

Knock!

"Aiyo!" I was stepped by that high heel shoe again.

"If I asked you to follow then you follow, why are you asking so many questions?!" Ming Yue turned her head around and ferociously glared at me, the perfect aura in her eyes that was eternally being praised was filled with a sharp and vicious "those who refuse to comply will immediately be slaughtered".

I could only obediently follow her.

I'd finally found out that, no matter if I'm at school or at home, I'm always at the lowest rank. This is too tragic. But then again, normally those at the bottom rank just have to follow instructions without thinking at all. In a sense it's actually a pretty relaxed position.

In fact, I don't know where my sis wanted to go to retrieve the backpack because the direction she was headed to wasn't the street where they were robbed at or the police station, but she was headed towards a small road with lesser people.

"Oh right, do you still remember that you have a male older cousin?" My sister suddenly asked.

"Who?" male older cousin? I did not have any impression on this person, since I'd started being unlucky, I rarely kept in contact with my relatives.

"Mom's younger brother's child; your older cousin. In the past there was

a period of time when we frequently meet up with each other, although it's a lot less frequent now." Ming Yue had a very strange expression when she looked at me, just as if I was supposed to know who he was.

Frankly, I do not remember this person at all.

"Cynthia is his girlfriend."

"Ah?!" I was shocked by this sentence, no wonder I've never seen my sis with this type of friend, she turned out to be someone she met from our relatives' side.

"In the past when you were still small you've always loved sticking to him and play with him. But now, you've totally forgotten about him. No wonder people always say children are the most ungrateful, forgetting in just a blink of an eye." My sister looked at me with a discriminatory expression, "Last month when I helped mom send some stuff over, I met Cynthia then. He kept asking if you had any time to go over there to play, in the end you actually forgotten about him completely."

Hey, hey! Who would remember stuff when they were young?! My head was completely filled with my ten years plus of bad luck, there's no extra space for me to remember who was who, alright?!

"Alright, let's end this topic here." Ming Yue suddenly stopped in her tracks. It's only then I realized we had walked past several blocks, and was at the outer perimeter of the city where there were relatively fewer people walking past.

Looking left and right, this place doesn't look like a place where the bag would just grow out of. Just as I was thinking that, from the intersection came the sound of an emergency brake with a loud crashing sound, even more braking sounds, and finally was the sound of a driver rolling down his car window as he started cursing.

I was shocked, although accidents often occur to me in the past, but being an observer of a crash, gave me a different kind of feeling.

A motorcycle suddenly rushed out from the red light, the driver of a limousine who did not have the time to brake, crashed into the motorcycle head on. The person on the motorcycle was sent flying about a few dozen meters away. The whole intersection stopped moving, followed by several people sticking out their head to see what happened. After a while, a nearby traffic police officer immediately ran over and dragged out the yellow line.

Subsequently, at the same time, a scooter stopped at one side of the road. I recognize them; they were the gang of people who robbed us just now!

"There is a reason behind everything, since they rode so quickly on their bike; they were bound to get involved in an accident sooner or later." Ming Yue didn't even move one step. She just bent down and picked up something, the silver glare immediately attracted my attention.

The moon-like jewelry. Why is it...?

I looked across and saw the bag, which might have flown off due to the accident, laying open just a few centimeters in front of us. The necklace must have fallen out from inside. Layers and layers of people were crowding around the crime scene, so we weren't able to see what had happened to the person. Shortly after, the siren of an ambulance echoed as it went through the crowd of people and stopped at the middle.

"Let's go." Ming Yue walked two steps, picked up the backpack, put the thing back inside and then hastened to leave.

"Oh."

I immediately followed her footsteps.

The sound of the siren was getting further and further away.

<p style="text-align: center;"> \*</p>

What on earth is that moon necklace?

My sixth sense told me the accident definitely had something to do with the necklace. Because it happened exactly at the right time, making me feel very suspicious and fearful.

My sister walked for some distance until we'd left the city before slowing down her pace. Or perhaps she actually didn't walk that fast, it was because I was too tense, causing me to feel she was walking really quickly.

"Have you ever heard of the battlefield at the moon?" She turned her head and asked me casually.

"The red coloured one?" A lot of light novels and Manhuas loved to use this, on the day when many people died, the moon and sun or something similar will turn blood red in color. So to say, I've never seen it before. That day outside the Health Care Center, there were so many people who died, but I didn't take notice of whether the sky turned red or pink, my bad!

Ming Yue nodded, "The jewelry we bought is called Blood Moon. It's said that this was something that belonged to a Soldier from a battlefield from long ago, after absorbing the blood in the battlefield, it became cursed. Every human who owns it will have to pay with their blood." She started throwing the bag in the air, and then her sentence suddenly changed into a different tone, "But that's all nonsense, you don't have to believe in it."

Basically, I believed it already, I believed it in just one second.

Which recommendation magazine did you guys see these strange things from?!

Before I knew it, my watch had already reached three o'clock, seemed like we wasted too much time strolling in the city.

Just as we were passing by the park on the way home, the park looked rather different compared to this morning, the restoration of the park has progressed again, some of the flat surface and grass turf had already been rectified. There were even two to three little kids in there running while holding on to the ball and from time to time, and loud laughter could be heard.

Chu Ming Yue suddenly stopped walking. Mystified, I also followed and stop.

"Yang Yang, I want to ask you, you have to answer honestly." She flung the backpack behind her and for some unknown reason, and looked at me with a very strange expression.

What did she want to ask?

"Okay." In any case, if I were to answer "not okay", I'll definitely be beaten, so there was only one answer.

Ming Yue looked at me for a long time before she slowly opened her mouth, "When you went for an orientation at your new school, you didn't mention anything when you got back. How do you feel about the school?"

A much unexpected question asked all of a sudden.

How do I feel about that school? I had a feeling if I stayed there for one second longer, it would allow me to rest in peace.



"Mom is very worried, oh." She narrowed her beautiful eyes to look at me, "Because every time you went for orientation, you were involved in an accident. She kept thinking if anything had happened to you on that day and kept saying that if you're not used to the school, she'll help you transfer to a different school. Although the other day I said you had better not drop out of school, but the final decision is still up to you."

She paused for a while, "What about you, what's your decision?"

I don't know why, but I think she was trying to get a confirmation from me. I can't quite put my finger on it. If the threat in the past was a joke, today's answer would be what decides it.

Senior was the representative of the school's confirmation, Miao Miao was the representative of the students in the class's confirmation, and now that my sister said this, this seemed to be like my family's confirmation.

I don't know why, but I always felt that everything seemed to have been lined up in the dark and then carried out. Occurring so smoothly, but they couldn't have had any connection with each other before this. Everything happened just at the exact right timing; so exact that, there seemed to be an invisible path waiting for me to step on it.

"I... am not very accustomed to that place, but I want to try and see... see what is the extent I can reach at that place." If I talked about the school, I'm certain nobody will believe me, but I do not know why, I felt that place was completely different from the places in my past.

Maybe I... really can learn a lot of things.

"Are you sure you won't regret this?"

I nodded hard, after meeting up with senior and Miao Miao, I think I'd better strengthen my determination, or else I wouldn't be able to face the both of them again.

However, I think when I've started school, and then chased by some strange things again, I would immediately regret this.

"Yang Yang, I've had something I've always wanted to tell you about." Ming Yue patted me on my shoulder, revealing a gentle smile which made me think that she's not my sister but was an alien in disguise, "There are places where simply going there is not going to make things better, if you yourself cannot accept yourself, everything around you will not be able to be able to accept you."

"Huh?"

I was rather surprised, because my sister rarely talks about stuff like this with me.

"As long as you accept yourself, only then would the world accept you." She raised her hand and patted my shoulder, "You can treat attending a new school as a new beginning, everything will get better, give yourself a little more confidence, and it's the same no matter what school you are attending."

Maybe, she just wanted to encourage me.

I always thought my sister would only cold-heartedly watch me enter school and make a joke out of it. I've never thought she was actually very concerned about me.

"Why are you smiling so disgustingly?" Ming Yue frowned and glared at me.

"Haha, it's nothing." Maybe, something good will happen if I entered the

new school.

"Oh right, sis, next time let's go and visit uncle's house, alright?" I was suddenly very curious about the current status of the person whom I'd always stuck to in the past. Is he around our age and currently studying in high school or college? I wonder if he still remembers us.

Ming Yue looked at me, and then with a "pop" she smacked the back of my head before she continued to head in the direction of home. The afternoon shadows gradually lengthened, and in the park, the children were still chasing the ball, laughing and running.

"Long-winded." My life as a new student was about to begin.

# SideStory 1 : Strange Happenings in the Delivery Room

This was something that happened about 10 years ago, a very strange event.

According to the testimony of the witnesses who were present in the area, this event was really incredible. Had they not witness it with their own eyes, it would have been unbelievable. Even the obstetrician, who had more than ten years of experience said, "This world is really incredible, the things humans have seen can be said to be very minimal."

In this world, anything can happen.

Everything had happened that evening. That's right, the incident that shocked everyone; good, evil, and neutral.

"Ahhhh~~~!"

It was 1am at night, when a shrill scream, which sounded as though someone was screaming horribly while being stabbed over ten times in a murder scene, was heard in the middle of a certain community, in a certain house. After the incident, the neighbors were interviewed. The neighbors, with fears in their heart, said the scream was too horrifying. Even a neighbor, who usually had trouble waking up, was awakened by the terrible sound. Later, he tried looking for sound, but it was for naught.

The innocent three year old Chu Ming Yue, who was lying on her bed,

suddenly opened her round eyes and immediately realized the scream was coming from inside her house. In order to avoid the neighbors from protesting the very next day, young Ming Yue could only reluctantly sacrificed her sleep. She got down from her bed, left her room, went down the stairs and soon saw a bright light emitting from the kitchen.

The head of the Chu family was a businessman, who works away from home for long periods at a time. He usually comes back every two to three months and will be home for about a week. According to his family and the neighbors, this person is usually easily forgotten by his children. In order to make sure his existence will not be forgotten by his family, it was said that he was currently fighting for an agreement so he could come back home at least once a month.

"Mom, what happened?" asked Ming Yue, staring at the jam and flour on the kitchen floor.

Mother Chu, who was already nine months pregnant, was seen holding onto her big belly, kneeling on the floor with tears in her eyes. She sniffed revealed an extremely sad expression while looking at her cute and innocent daughter, "I dropped my jam and biscuits... the jam I spent a few days to make..." Staring at the red jewel look-alike on the floor, she turned her head, "And also, it seems like your brother is going to be born soon, my amniotic sac broke just a moment ago."

"Then do I call for 119, 999 or 110?" In fact, a few days ago, she saw an advertisement on television mentioning that one should call 113 if you encounter this horrible sound.

"Just call the taxi," said her strong willed mother. "And 999 is only available in Hong Kong, dialing it won't get anyone to come," She already

warned her daughter not to watch too much television. Now, she can't even differentiate the phone numbers.

"Oh." Leaving the kitchen, Ming Yue found the taxi's number in the phonebook, and dialed the number. After a few rings, the phone was connected and a lazy voice, which sounded as though the person had just been woken up, came through the earpiece, "Who's on the line?"

"I want a taxi." Ming Yue said, who immediately indicated her purpose for calling.

"It's off working hours!" the voice snappily roared back.

"Then I'll report to the police that you refused to give a helping hand when there's someone having labour difficulties in my house."

"Labour difficulties?"

"My mom is going to give birth anytime soon, so I need a taxi."

From the other end of the phone came scrambled banging sounds, "Hey, where is your house?"

After giving her address, Ming Yue hung up the phone. Turning around, she saw her mom holding her tummy, entering the living room.

"The taxi uncle says he will be here anytime soon."

"Okay, help me get my wallet..."

"Oh."

\*

It was half an hour later, when the taxi finally stormed into the hospital driveway.

"Sir, you are not allowed to park your car here..." The guard immediately went up to him.

"F\*\*\*, the child is coming out, f\*\*\* your mom, I can't park here!" Wearing only a vest, the fat middle-aged taxi driver twisted his gangster like face as he bumped the guard aside, "Oi! Those inside better push a bed out here immediately," The nurses of the emergency room department could only stare at him with wide eyes, taking quite some time before they snapped out of their trance, and immediately pushed the stretcher out.

"Hey, be more careful." The driver said nervously as he immediately went and supported Mother Chu from the taxi's back seat.

"It hurts, it hurts..." Holding her stomach, Mother Chu, who was starting to feel severe pain, had cold sweat all over her forehead.

The still innocent Ming Yue was holding on to a backpack, and was following closely beside them, never more than an inch away.

"It's coming out, quickly inform the obstetrician," Several nurses were in a mess as they helped Mother Chu on to the stretcher, quickly and smoothly, then they got the patient into the delivery room.

"What the, giving birth so quickly." Looking at the group going inside, the middle age driver tensed up, using one hand to hold on to Ming Yue, and was in the midst of rushing in with them.

"Hold on, Sir, you can't park your car here..." The guard who was totally ignored, immediately protested.

"Damn you! Can't you see the baby is coming out? Help me park it!" While saying that, a bunch of keys were thrown at the guard, and the edgy driver quickly rushed in with the group.

Staring at the bunch of keys, the guard could only feel black lines covering his whole face.

\*

As the driver quickly rushed in, following the group, he was stopped in front of a door.

"I'm sorry, Sir, you are prohibited from entering." A nurse amiably said as she pointed above at the sign which says 'Delivery Room. Do not enter.' "Family members please wait out here."

"Oh, oh." The driver nodded; letting go of Ming Yue, he started walking to and fro in front of the door.



"Uncle, do you want to have some drinks to cool down?" Innocent Ming Yue lifted her little head and sensibly asked as she stared at the vending machine nearby.

"Oh, okay."

In just a moment, Ming Yue brought back two cans of warm milk. She saw a nurse, who was holding onto a clipboard, heading towards them and stopped right in front of the driver, "Excuse me, please fill in the information here."

"Information? Where?" The driver took the clipboard and quickly filled in the details at the designated spaces.

"That's all for now, please come over to do some formalities for hospital admission after this. A lounge is also available for the family members to rest because the time taken for the child birth varies for every pregnant lady. If you are tired, you can take a break there." The nurse gently said as she retrieved the clipboard and said a few things that should be brought to their attention before leaving.

The driver continued walking to and fro.

"Uncle, here is your drink." After she passed the drink over, Ming Yue climbed onto the chair by herself, opened her can with a 'pop' sound and drank two mouthful of milk tea. 'Oh right, I need to give father a call. Haven't seen father for a long time, I almost forgot to contact him.'

"Thanks a lot." Holding on to the can, the driver sat down, opened his can, drank half of its content and suddenly started to tense up again, "Will it go smoothly, will it be a baby girl or a baby boy...?"

"Mom said that it will be a little brother." Remembering her mom had showed her the ultrasound report before, so little brother should be correct.

"A boy is not bad, but a girl would be better..." the driver lamented, "I've always wanted a daughter."

"Ah." Ming Yue politely nodded and continued sipping her milk tea.

\*

At the same time, while the two of them were immersed in their own thoughts, separated by the thick wall, came a shrill scream. Due to the good sound proof room the delivery room provides, the two of them were not aware of the scream.

"It hurts! I don't want to give birth anymore!" Due to the severe pain, shrill screams kept coming out frequently from the stage.

"Don't panic, come, follow me and take a deep breath so that it will not hurt so much..."

Before the doctor can finish his sentence, he was immediately interrupted, "Deep, your head!" Due to the pain the pregnant woman went crazy and roared.

'With so much energy, then she should be fine...' The doctor at the side rubbed his nose. The doctor indicated the nurse to help with acupuncture, to help relieve the pain, and for a successful delivery.

"Damn brat!! If you do not show me good results... I, I will teach you the true pain of labor!"

The assistants gave each other a look. If they were not mistaken, the baby should be a male...

"Doctor, the opening is at the correct size," said a nurse who was monitoring the situation.

"Okay." The doctor turned around and tried to comfort the pregnant lady, "Your baby is coming out, follow us and do some breathing exercise..."

This time the pregnant lady was very cooperative, she imitated the doctor and started doing Lamaze.

"Very good, just like this. Continue to follow our action." The doctor indicated towards another assistant to take over, he started with the delivery procedures.

Time slowly trickled by, just as everyone was holding their breath, a small head was seen to be slowly coming out. It was mixed with blood as it appeared in front of everyone.

"Good, just like that, continue to follow the doctor's action."

Strong bloody smell started to fill the big room.

As soon as the baby's head touched the doctor's palm, a nurse immediately cried out, "Neck is strangled."

The doctor immediately glared at her.

"Wh... what?" the pregnant lady immediately stopped the breathing exercise as soon as she heard the commotion.

"It's nothing; the baby's head is already out. Do your best for just a little bit more." The doctor indicated to the nurses to shut up while comforting the pregnant lady. The pregnant lady continued breathing, imitating the assistant at the side.

The others could not be as relaxed, after the head came out, everyone clearly saw the umbilical cord wrapped around the baby's neck. This is very bad, a very serious situation.

Grabbing the tools from the nurse, the doctor immediately started to think of a way to rid the baby from this dangerous situation. As the time passed by quickly, the baby's body also came out soon after. After that, everyone in the room was dumbfounded.

The crisis where the strangulation of the baby's neck was not relieved... Even the baby's body was wrapped with a few layers of the umbilical cord, kind of similar to someone tying their luggage.

This time, even the doctor did not know what to do next. Never did he see such a situation in his 10 years of experience.

Just as the pregnant lady screamed, the baby's body came out and fell on the doctor's palm. The small body was wrapped with layers and layers of the umbilical cord, as though the baby had been holding on the umbilical cord and doing some turning exercise inside, causing this horrible situation.

"The mother has fainted." The nurse's voice sounded, "What do we do?"

"Help remove the placenta first." Staring at the baby in his arms which was slowly turning necrotic, the doctor shook his head, "Being unconscious was for the better..." If she saw the baby like this, it will not be as simple as just fainting.

"Her family members are waiting outside, should we inform them of the current situation?" The nurse softly asked while looking at the baby's condition.

"Ok, go ahead and inform them." After cleaning the baby, the doctor gently put the baby on the bed which was originally prepared for him after the delivery. He glanced at the carcass, released a helpless sigh, and carefully loosened the umbilical cord. However, due to some unknown reason, the umbilical cord was so tightly wrapped that the knot could not be undone no matter what.

Just as the doctor was planning to use the scissors to cut the cord, a loud shouting voice was heard outside the room.

"F\*\*\*! The precious child was given to you in a good condition but you dare to give me back a stillborn body! F\*\*\* your mom, if you don't have a good explanation, I will f\*\*\*ng burn your hospital and I will gather my underlings to massacre your whole family." Just listening to this, one can conclude the guy had connections with the underworld.

"We are done for... This mother is a gang leader's woman?" The assistant started worrying.

"Sir, I'm very sorry, we already tried our best..." The voice of the nurse explaining was heard.

"Tried, your \*\*\*! When you tried your best, the child was lost. So if you guys did not try your best, I will need to start a burial for the mother? You better give me an explanation today, I haven't shed blood in a long time, believe it or not, I will "invite" my brothers to this hospital." The shouting voice was getting louder and louder that even the echo could be heard.

The nurse was in the verge of bursting into tears. Where did this vicious man come from?

The innocent Ming Yue stared at the teary eyed nurse and driver, and then blinked her eyes. The half-filled can of milk tea was smashed on the ground, a dent appeared on the metal can, and the milk tea formed a puddle on floor, slowly enlarging.

'According to what the big sis said, does it mean I don't have a little brother any more?'

"Sir, please listen to my explanation..." The nurse on the verge of crying, was frightened into this deploring state.

"Explanation, explanation your \*\*\*!" The driver took out his phone, dialed a number. The other end immediately picked up the phone, "Hello! Lin, gather a group of young ones for me... Right! To beat someone up. A healthy little kid died because of the hospital. I'm not in a f\*\*\*ing good mood, I want to protest! At the same time, find Wu Ai to carry a coffin here to crash the door!"

The nurse's eyes widened and she took two steps backwards. He is from the underworld; this guy is really from the underworld!

Right, she should hurry up and call the police, or everyone in the hospital will be in grave danger.

"Big sis." A soft voice sounded from aside, the nurse jumped with fright, only to find a little girl looking up at her, "Wha... what is it?"

"Then, can I take a look at my little brother?" Ming Yue asked with big shining black eyes while grabbing hold of the nurse's hem. At that instant, the nurse seemed to have seen an illusion of a little angel.

"That is... wait, hold on a sec, I'll be right back, really," Looking back in fear at the driver, who was still yelling at the phone, the nurse hurried back into the delivery room and did not forget to shut the thick soundproof door.

As soon as she entered the room, everyone stared at her.

"The father was very angry?" The doctor inquired.

Tears immediately flowed down the nurse's cheeks, "He said he wants to bring a coffin, protest, and slaughter our whole family." She wanted to quickly call her mom and ask her to live at her aunt's until the coast is clear.

"First thing first, call the police." The doctor indicated to the assistant at the side while wrapping the baby with a towel.

"Oh right, the family members want to take a look at the baby." Rubbing her tears, the nurse remembered her purpose for coming into the room.

"Oh, try your best to appease them again." The doctor passed the baby to the nurse and sighed. The nurse nodded, held on to the baby and headed towards the exit.

However, either she was very unlucky today, or she was too harshly yelled at. After taking two steps, she suddenly tripped and fell on the floor with a bang. The baby was also dropped and even rolled a few rounds on the floor.

At this very moment, a horrible thing happened— A sound came from the baby and everyone in the room immediately quiet down.

Just like watching a horror movie, the towel started twitching, a small



purplish hand slowly stretched out from the towel... Slightly glowing with a black light, it was as though one could see the unnaturally coloured blood vessel through the thin skin.

This kind of feeling is as though one was watching a horror movie, where something is coming out of the coffin in the graveyard.

"Ahhhhhhh— Zombie!" In less than half a second, the timid nurse screamed when she saw the thing which was inside the towel. A shrill scream came from her, as if she was being grabbed by the hair and dragged against the wall.

As soon as the scream was heard, the whole room immediately broke out in chaos. Everyone turned around and stared at the towel which was still moving, a hand was seen stretched out from the towel, as though it had died with a life that was full of regrets and wanted revenge. The type of deep hatred that only the victim can understand...

Staring at the supernatural event that suddenly occurred, everyone, with suffering, tiring, disturbing, and many different types of expressions could only stare at the strange spectacle. Goose bumps erupted all over their bodies.

The room was deathly quiet for three seconds, and then chaos started to break out.

"The baby zombified!" Someone broke down.

"How can the baby be zombified! The undead detective said that to

become a zombie, one must come in contact with natural energy, before it can zombify." Another one seemed to have a more serious break down, completely ignoring the fact the baby was dropped onto the ground.

"Hurry up and use the forceps to put it into the plastic bag to isolate it!" A realist seemed to have found an environmental issue.

"Add more layers of bags, else if he breaks through the bag and starts a massacre, it will be the end for us." Added a video-game and movie addict. "Before putting him in, dig out the heart and cut off the head so that it will not come back to life again."

"So who will be the one to do it?" Everyone started eyeing one another; no one had any experience in digging out hearts and cutting off heads of a baby zombie.

While the room was full of noises, where everyone was not sure of how to deal with the baby zombie, a wise thunderous voice rang out in the entire room – "Quiet down all of you!"

The doctor roared and everyone in the room immediately became silent, "What zombie! Stop blabbering such unscientific nonsense! All of you calm down!" He took two steps, picked up the towel and uncovered the baby from the towel without any hesitation.

At the same time, everyone took one step backwards, as they were afraid the corpse would suddenly rush towards them.

Carefully looking at the fetus in the towel, the doctor frowned slightly.

The baby's face which had previously been necrotic was slowly starting to regain a healthier colour, and he slightly wrinkled his face and issued a small sound.

Then he started to breathe.

"The baby is still alive, immediately start emergency resuscitation!" The whole room began to stir up again, the previous talk about digging out the heart and cutting off the head was immediately dropped.

Holding on to the little body which was slowly getting warmer, the doctor let out a breath. Thank God this little life did not end while he was in charge of him. Even more fortunate, he and his family won't be targeted by the guy from the underworld.

However, the fetus had obviously gone necrotic, how did it come back to life? The doctor felt a chill on his back and decided not to think about it anymore.

\*

That night, the whole hospital was in chaos.

Not only was there a group of gangsters riding their motorcycles outside, even the police appeared and started to repel the gangsters. In the end even the reporters were running around excitedly, interviewing the gangsters about their midnight stroll, causing the night to become lively. It was not until the next morning that everything settled down.

And after the emergency resuscitation by the doctor, the instigator, who almost caused the whole hospital to go into a crisis, was comfortably sleeping inside an incubator.

Ming Yue was standing outside, staring at the little baby through a glass window. Bruises could still be seen on the little body, but the doctor said the bruises will disappear soon enough, and not to worry about it. As for the driver, after he was informed the baby came back to life, for some unknown reason, he left the hospital in a very good mood.

Yawning cutely, Ming Yue ran back into her mother's maternity room.

Just when she stepped inside the room, her mother started to awaken, "Little Yue... who does your little brother look like?" The first question that came out of her mouth was concerning the baby's looks.

"Looks like the monkeys in the zoo."

"Never mind, he will become more beautiful." Slightly smiling, Mother Chu felt a sense of sleepiness, "Did you contact your father?"

Ming Yue nodded firmly.

"Good, little Yue, mother is feeling tired, let me sleep for a while." Then she closed her eyes and continued sleeping.

Seeing mother was fast asleep, the well-behaved Ming Yue took out a children's book, sat on a chair and started reading the book.

\*

— At the same time —

Early in the morning, a man dressed up in a suit and tie, hurriedly rushed to the hospital. He looked panicky but he also seemed to be very happy. Also he was holding on to many big packages.

"Miss, I would like to know the room number for a Mdm. Bai Ling, who just delivered yesterday night." The man excitedly asked the front desk.

The staff at the front desk quickly checked the list of names, "There is no record of any pregnant lady with surname Bai Ling"

"No records? How is it possible, my daughter clearly told me it's this hospital. Please help me to double check, she delivered her baby here just last night, it should be easy to find." After a moment of being dumbfounded, the man continued to enquire, "I'm her husband, surname Chu."

"We really did not have any records of a Mdm. Bai Ling. There was a pregnant lady who was admitted yesterday, but her surname is not Bai. Her husband's surname is not Chu either." The staff replied, "The pregnant lady's husband's surname is Zhou, and his occupation is a taxi driver."

"Eh?" Question marks were starting to appear on top of the man's head.

At this time, the phone by his waist started ringing, as soon as he answered it, he realized it was his daughter calling, "Little Yue, which hospital are you currently at?"

"We are at Ling Hospital, father can't find it?" a soft questioning voice came from the other side.

"Father is at Ling Hospital. Which room are you at?"

The sound of walking was heard over the phone, "Room 713."

"Alright, father will be there soon." After he hung up the phone, the man inquired the staff again, "My daughter said that she is in room 713."

"Mrs. Zhou is currently in Room 713 and it's a single room. Did your daughter make any mistake?"

Eh? The man immediately that felt his was head full of fog. Room 713 is Mrs. Zhou's? Then, where are his wife and daughter?

A burst of cold wind blew past, blowing away a small piece of confetti. Disappeared?

Thereafter, Mr. Chu spent the whole morning running around the hospital before he found his wife and daughter in Mrs. Zhou's room.

And the baby was named Chu Ming Yang, but that was something that happened afterwards.

"Why does my son look like a monkey?" holding on to the baby, Father Chu grumbled discontentedly.

"Because he looks like you," Mother Chu, who was recuperating on the bed, snorted while gently hugging her daughter.

He did not reply as he does not want to provoke his wife who had just given birth.

Just as the whole family was happily gathered together, the door to Room 713 was slowly opened.

A fat middle-aged man came in, his face has the look of someone from the underworld and in his arms was a pot of chicken ginseng, "People always say that after giving birth, one should replenish..."

His sentence was cut off; both the men immediately stared at each other.

"Who are you?"

# SideStory 2 : Story of a Strange Student

Location: Taiwan

Time: 10:11AM

On the noon of the student's graduation, students were seen interviewing the teachers, and there was also a huge discussion for necessary preparations in consideration of the next few years.

"The weirdest student I've ever had in my class was a student with the surname of Chu." In a recording, a teacher, whose face was censored, answered the interviewer's question sincerely, "In my long period of being a teacher, it can be said that there was no one as weird as him. He is incredibly weird, so weird that it makes one feel like crying. Thank God I only had to teach him for three years during his middle school, or else I'll have to start preparing for mental breakdown."

'Then, how exactly is he weird?'

The school campus' dedicated Newspaper Club members clicked on the recording button, and started the interview.

"He is extremely weird, very weird. Even though I'm not his home-room teacher, I also feel he's very weird, so weird that it is totally impossible to find another weirder student in history." Teacher A, who was passing by suddenly came out and said, "There was one time when we were having practical class for chemistry; the materials distributed were very basic, and the students were simply required to pour water in and heat it up, while waiting for the chemical reaction to occur. However, it just had to be that day, when a problem occurred with the tap water of that certain



group of students. The inside of the tap had rusted, and rust were mixed with the water that came out from the water tap. As soon as the chemicals were mixed together, it immediately resulted in an explosion with fiery blue fire. The fierce fire exploded together with half of the classroom and equipments."

The main point is – after the investigation, this incident was said to be caused by the school's negligence. Not only were they not able to get the students to compensate for the mishap of half of the classroom, they had to pay compensation for both the students' physical and mental injuries, instead. Plus a large group of parents came to curse and complain.

How would anyone know if a frequently used tap would suddenly start rusting?! What the hell?!

"However, that incident was nothing." Pushing Teacher A away, Teacher B, who teaches Chinese Language, said to the little reporters with a very heavy tone, "Their classroom was obviously on the fifth floor! And every time, during Chinese Language lessons, weird objects could be seen flying in, for example a basketball... if I ever find out the person responsible for hitting the ball so high up, he is as good as dead! Volley ball, shuttlecock, etcetera. Sometimes even egrets flew in, breaking the window. In the three years of teaching, four windows were broken, even the students were on the verge of naming me 'Broken Window Teacher'... Sobs. If he didn't graduate after three years, I'm very afraid UFOs and kamikaze will be the next thing that'll come flying in. As soon as I hear sounds of glass breaking, I freak out. A few days ago, my psychiatrist told me I have glass phobia, and advised me to stay away from breaking glass to ensure I will not be traumatized all over again."

Most importantly, he was obviously teaching an indoor subject, so why does the window always break only during his classes? Or was God

implying he should retire? Is he not fit to be teaching anymore?

The teacher, whose age was over fifty, suddenly understood the divine message God was trying to tell him, maybe it's really time for him to get his pension.

"I'm also a victim here." From the side another, Teacher C, raised her hand. The reporters immediately rushed over and listened attentively to another tragic anecdote, "I'm their music teacher." The beautiful teacher gave off a fleeting sense of beauty, with a pair of slightly cloudy-eyes, thus giving off a mystifying atmosphere.

"Students who goes out of tune, couldn't sing well, incompetent in using the musical instruments, these are something I commonly encounter. I've even seen students who are tone death. I dare say I'm the most patient amongst all the teachers of that class." The teacher suddenly stood up, knocking the chair onto the floor with a bang, "BUT! The God of music just had to ridicule me; He just had to give me such a weird student! Ridicule me, oh... It must be because my life was too peaceful and beautiful, even the little angels couldn't bear it, but why does He have to make fun of me?! Why do They hate me so much?!"

With a bam, the teacher took out a watermelon knife. A few teachers immediately rushed towards her to restrict her from any further action.

The little reporters, who were breaking out in cold sweat, hurriedly rushed out of the teacher's room, and then stared into the room in fear.

"I'm so sorry, ever since that particular day, during one of her music class, a wild ox suddenly rushed into the room and bashed a piano worth

tens of millions, she became mentally unstable. In the next few days, she was scheduled to go to the nursing home for a few days for recuperation." said a certain teacher, who immediately smiled with embarrassment.

After that, the wild ox mysteriously crashed into the student surnamed Chu before leaving, as if the ox was trying to imply, "I'm da boss".

However, the thing that puzzled everyone was, the school was obviously in the city, so how on earth did a wild ox get into their classroom? This was really a baffling mystery.

"Do not stop me! I want to kill the ox and use him as a piano!" The teacher was escorted out while screaming.

Upon seeing the danger was gone, the little reporters slowly came back into the room.

"Sigh, you guys are only the subject teacher for that class and had already turned into this mess, then as their home-room teacher, I'm in an even more pitiful state... As if I'm in the depths of hell." The little reporters turned back to the first interviewee, which was the class' home-room teacher, "The first time he entered this school, I knew the biggest challenge of my life has finally arrived. Where do you think you can find a student so incredible, that on the first day of orientation, he was crushed by a block of wooden ceiling that came falling down? It's impossible, right? What you guys have experienced was nothing! On the first day of school, just like that, the ceiling crashed on top of my student's head, and I had to explain this incident to the parents. Then, I had to start a complaint from the bottom to the top of the contractor's company."

Suspicious tears were starting to form at the corners of the teacher's eyes, "When I thought everything would settle down, the next incident occurred, telling me I was wrong, my life full of suffering had only just began. After three days of being hospitalized, the student came back to school, and on that day, there was a demolition nearby the school. As soon as he stepped into the playground and was heading towards the classroom, the truck from the demolition suddenly had a malfunction for no apparent reason, and just like that, it came crashing through the school's fence and into the playground! The crash injured a group of students while causing that particular student to fly a certain distance away. Then I had to file a complaint to the contractors, go to the construction site to protest and, give an explanation to the parents..." In the long period of his teaching career, this was the first time he experienced what one would say, a day that felt as long as a year.

"The natural disasters and damaged properties occurred in the classroom so frequently that we were already numbed to it. Slithering poisonous snakes, incoming groups of mad dogs, are something I can handle smoothly after so many times of practice. In just three short years, I suspect I can already go for the fire brigade entry examination."

Those three years of grinding has increased his mental strength to an exceptional level. He currently has very good connections with different groups of contractors and even some big organizations who are often seen doing charity. There were some people who even asked him if he would quit his job and join their company as a front-line staff who is in charge of disasters.

"In the last important examination, he just had to have food poisoning and thus, did not turn up for the exam. I could feel my heart turning sour. I had to face the media and explain the origin of the food, find the

catering company to settle the problem, and then I also had to send the lunch-box for testing. I-I have become so experienced in this kind of matter!" he said with the face of a man who has given up hope.

"Sigh, it's the same for me." Interrupting the home-room teacher, everyone shifted their attention across, a Teacher D, who suddenly appeared, heaving a sigh, "I'm the teacher in charge of the school's infirmary, in four and a half days out of the five days of school, I am most certain to see that student. Sometimes it's just minor injuries, other times it's major injuries. The most frightening incident was when there was a construction project ongoing in the school, he accidentally fell down a construction pit. When he was sent here, an iron bar was stuck onto his left shoulder. I was completely freaked out. I was so afraid he would get an infection from the wound, so I immediately sent him to the hospital. Up until now, I'm very confident that in every hospital in this district, there is not one staff who doesn't know my name. I'm also often invited to "Emergency Treatment for Accidents" study."

The little reporters had cold sweat all over their head.

\*

"Oh, I recognize this guy."

In a group of seniors who were taking graduation photos, one of them volunteered to be interviewed, "I'm in the same grade as him, and he is in the class right next to mine. We spoke to each other a few times before." Just that their conversations only contained "Excuse me"s.

"He really is an unlucky person; this term "unlucky" is tailor-made just

for him. Once, when we were having a basketball match during physical education class, it was said that he had some business to attend, so he had to leave early that day and he passed by the basketball court. It just had to be that time, when one of the students who was doing a slam dunk, held on to the metal hoop, causing the whole basketball hoop to topple sideways. Fortunately, he was fast enough to avoid the crash thus only had bruises. Otherwise, it would have been awesome, should he end up in a similar fate as the floor which had a large hole on it." Every time he thought of that incident, he always felt it was very miraculous. But the poor school had to pay a huge sum of money to repair the court and the basketball hoop.

"I too have the exact same feeling as you." From another side, Student A immediately leaned over and said, "The other time, I was passing by their classroom, I saw a snake slithering inside and bit him. All the students were standing on the table, waiting for their teacher to catch the snake—their home-room teacher is freaking awesome. He can catch everything. The other time he even caught a small crocodile which appeared out of nowhere. Thank God the snake wasn't poisonous; else it would have been all over." However, their school should be in the city, so where did all the snakes and crocodile come from?

This was an unsolvable puzzle.

"Speaking of this, those of us who were in the same class as him are really unlucky." Student B tragically came out and leaned on Student A's shoulder with a pained look, "Not only the people who sat by the window have to be afraid of the hazardous windows breaking; even during experiments, no one was willing to be in the same group as him as they are afraid of being killed in an explosion. Even while having normal classes, everyone have to pay attention to whether any strange creatures were crawling around on the floor. What's worse was that we also need to

pay attention to the ceiling or fan which might fall on our heads. In just three years of being classmates, we were trained to have a very good reflexes in dodging these dangerous disasters. The last time our school participated in the Junior District Five Joint Dodgeball Tournament, the players from our class had an absolute victory. We really didn't know if we should cry or laugh."

Student C shove the student away and snatched the tape recorder from the little reporters, "I'll tell you guys this! This was nothing compared to the time when I saw him walking on the 1st floor corridor and the tree next to the building suddenly toppled over and crashed onto him. This immediately brought about all the teachers and school staff members, who came running there to save him. The tree was fully uprooted as it fell. In the end, after the tree was planted back on its original place, a ghost story started spreading around the school: "Every student who walked by the tree will be possessed by the tree's spirit." In the end no one dared to pass by the tree and the school finally moved the tree to the mountains to be set free."

Set free? Numerous question marks started appearing inside the little reporters' head.

"There was also that time where, our class planned to watch a baseball game together and some idiot invited him to come along. And the result was, on that day there were a huge gale, and with just one blow, the huge advertisement board toppled over, and the whole thing came crashing down in our direction. Luckily all of us only suffered minor bruises. We were scared to death."

"Oh, I remember the same thing happened when we went to the shopping street. Coincidentally, on that day, the stores in the shopping street were celebrating their anniversary. They jointly bought a huge air

balloon to be released. While we were all excitedly looking at the spectacle, the air balloon suddenly exploded and even blasted off the roof of one of the buildings. In the end a board fell down, crashed onto him, and a few places in the shopping street started to catch on fire. A few teams of fire brigades, who had to use their utmost effort to extinguish the fire, were dispatched to the shopping street. Fortunately the incident did not cause too much a loss for the shopping street." At the mention of these few incidents, several students, who did not plan to participate in this discussion, immediately came over and started providing more information of these weird incidents. Everyone started opening their mouths and started prattling endlessly.

"And also, while walking down the stairs he would fall down the stairs. Even while walking in the corridors, he would also fall down. When we went to the pool for Physical Education Class, everyone saw a pale hand dragging him to the bottom of the pool. The teacher was so freaked out, he immediately went to rescue that student. In the end, he was seen stuck at the drain." It was a miracle he was still alive, else he would have become a scapegoat for the ghost.

But having said that, after the pool incident, there wasn't anyone spreading any ghost stories?

"I heard that he was also very unlucky while he was with his family. Many of his relatives don't dare invite him to go out together."

"One time, just before winter break, our teachers allowed us to come to school for a Steamboat Session. I will never ever forget the tragedy that occurred in the Steamboat Session." A teary-eyed student started saying, "Every group was supposed to have a cooking pot, in the end their group actually blew up the pot. A hole was burned out of the bottom of the pot. We were supposed to have a Steamboat Session! Not a Bomb Cooking



Session! In the end we were prohibited from any more Home-room Activities by the school. The same thing happened when we went to the community for a Barbecue. Everyone was obviously using the same amount of charcoal which was assigned to each group, but he could somehow overdo it and started an actual fire, almost burning the neighboring yard. Fortunately the fire brigade's action was fast, or else our class would most probably be prohibited from any more barbecue activities. This was so tragic."

They never understood, why did it happen, when everyone was using the same charcoal to start the fire? The moment he started fanning the charcoal, it exploded and wouldn't cease burning. What was worse was, the wind blew the burning charcoal onto a pile of weeds. The barbecue immediately turned into a fire fighting scene, allowing them to learn some fire-fighting skills.

"Once, while we were having classes, halfway through, there was a sudden earthquake. In the end, nothing happened in the other classes. It only happened in our class. While the instructor was guiding us for an evacuation, the door suddenly fell down and crashed onto him. The outcome of this small earthquake was, everyone did not received even one scratch except for him, who was the only one sent to the hospital in bloodied tatters."

"Oh right, if you guys want to get even more information, you can try and look for a student who has a closer relation to him." Directing the little reporters, one of the students said, "That student is definitely luckier. Both of them are complete opposites. He has not experience any form of back luck from being near him. When a chemical explosion happened, the guy was standing right beside him, but he was totally fine."

Such a person actually exists?

The reporters started eyeing one another, their curiosity were obviously aroused.

\*

"I have nothing to say to you guys."

The rumoured lucky student, who was later found by the little reporters told them, "Ming Yang is just a little less luckier than others. There is no need to cause such a fuss over it. If he was really so unlucky, he should have gone to heaven long ago, right?" He just could not understand how it had spread into this outrageous rumour, when it was no big deal.

Right, this was their reason of interviewing him.

The little reporters are all crying out in their hearts, they heard tales of his bad luck from morning until afternoon, and it has yet to finish. How come this person was still alive? A normal human would have died long ago, right?! How come he is still not dead?

Unless, he has already died and resurrected into a zombie?

"However, my dear juniors, weren't you supposed to interview the teachers and not the students?" Scratching his head, the lucky student found another problem and asked. If he remembered correctly, the school reporters were supposed to interview the teachers for the special issue section and not the students.

As soon as he pointed that out, all the little reporters paled and immediately started rummaging their bags, which were filled with interview recordings of the legend of the unlucky student. There was only one recording which actually has the content of interviewing the teachers.

We're done for!

Due to the attraction of such a bizarre case, they totally forgot they still had many teachers to interview. If the school knew about this, they will most probably have their budget and the right to interview to be cut off.

"Excuse us, senior. We need to leave already." while saying that, they rushed off. So, just like this, the little reporters' journey was forcefully interrupted.

\*

"What were those juniors doing?"

Holding onto a form, Chu Ming Yang, who was heading in that direction, saw a bunch of people rushing to leave the place, as though there was a ghost chasing them at the back.

Lately, the juniors were really weird.

"I have no idea. Maybe they still had something to do." The lucky student shrugged and replied, "Oh right, want to go eat at Jing Ming Street after school today? By bike." He had been contemplating about this for a

long time. It was nice he had nothing on after school today and wanted to relax.

"Again? Didn't we go there just a few days back?" The day they went there, he got his backside smacked by the signboard installer, and until now, his backside was still bruised. The truth was, he really wanted to go, but compared to the ratio of him getting hit by the signboard again, he'd rather treasure his own personal safety. After all, he wanted to successfully finish attending his graduation ceremony...

"I want to drink pearl milk tea." He missed the taste of the sweet beverage, while drinking he could also order a small desert. The beverage and dessert are a match made in heaven.

"Drink again, but don't drink too much." Nowadays, the news are reporting about the side effects of those beverage, and according to his bad luck, the next victim would most probably be him. For his own personal safety, he didn't give up trying to convince his classmate.

"Just felt like drinking it. Let's go, let's go, I'll treat." Dragging the other person's arm, the lucky student forcefully said, "It's decided then, let me think for a bit, after drinking, want to go for a movie to celebrate our upcoming graduation? It would be better if you call and inform your mom first, right?" And the one sided planning commenced.

"..." He was speechless, really speechless.

"Oh right, do you think action or adventure movies are better? I heard there was a rather good thriller movie just released a few days ago. After eating we will go for movies."

"I'll just let you decide." What else could he do?

# Credits

Translators: AnmesicCat and Yeenie

Editor: Masadeer